CORN By George H. Phillips, "The Corn King"

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The Waste of Public Money

By Ex-President

Grover Cleveland

The Curtis Publishing Company Philadelphia

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"Eloquence is Logic on Fire"

Not all that glitters is gold—the cold types of the next morning's newspaper have caused many an enraptured listener of the previous night to wonder at the art of the spellbinder.

There is eloquence though that stands the strongest fires of scrutiny—eloquence that reads as well in the mellow lamplight of home as it sounds in the glaring calcium of the rostrum. Such eloquence is "logic on fire." It is truth which, like the eternal hills, will endure.

English-speaking peoples have been prolific of that true and burning eloquence which does endure. For a Cicero we have a Webster, a Clay, a Choate. For a Demosthenes a Beecher, a Huxley, a Tyndall, a Lowell—and so on down the gamut, grave or gay, Nineteenth Century Anglo-Saxon thinkers have shaken the very foundation of things with their eloquence.

Men who have "dared and done" have in the full flush of achievement adorned with eloquent speech the dear-bought laurels of science, literature, art, exploration, invention or commerce. By their sides have arisen men whose masterful souls, stirred by the achievements of their fellows, have in the trumpet tones of the lecture platform, or perchance in the softer notes of the eulogy, the address or the after-dinner speech, given to us thought and analysis redolent of true greatness.

We get something of the aroma of violets from stinking coal tar—a trace of the early strawberry from the matted root of the poison ivy—both are but subterfuge.

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THE WASTE OF PUBLIC MONEY

BY GROVER CLEVELAND

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THESE are days when many of our thoughtful citizens are troubled by apprehensions concerning their country's welfare and safety. Some see in a newly-adopted policy of aggressive expansion a tendency toward imperialism which menaces our republican institutions. Others see in the vast combinations of business enterprise the creation of forces destructive to individual independence and opportunity; and still others discover in the multiplication of speedily-acquired fortunes and the widening gulf between ostentatious wealth and discontented poverty danger to social security and quiet.

These conditions furnish abundant cause for anxiety; and those who are disturbed by their forbidding aspect should neither be called alarmists nor be accused of a lack of faith in the strength and vigor of our institutions.

There is, however, another malign condition which threatens us. This is older and more stealthy than its fellows; and if less hateful in appearance, it is by no means less calamitous and destructive to our national character and integrity. This evil is the steadily increasing waste in public expenditure.

There seems to be quite a prevalent notion among our people that in the disbursement of money for the support and operation of the Government a certain amount of extravagance and waste may be excused as unavoidable. This situation of popular sentiment indicates that public waste and extravagance exist, and that in some degree they are familiar enough to give rise to popular toleration and condonation.

If a feeling of forbearance toward public extravagance naturally grew out of our plan of government, if it were inseparable from its operation and administration, or if it were one of the natural and original characteristics of our people, of course we should have no need to look further in accounting for its prevalence. Argument is hardly necessary, however, to demonstrate that the existence of this sentiment can be neither justified nor explained in this manner. On the contrary, the plan of our government is distinctly and fundamentally based upon such an assertion of the rights and interests of the people as condemns the increase of their burdens through useless and extravagant expenditures; in its operation and administration the relationship of trusteeship is created between the people and those intrusted with their public affairs—a relation grossly violated by the waste of public funds; and American character, when unperverted, exhibits no better, safer or more prominent factors than frugality and economy.

The Public Indifference to Extravagance

Probably no one will have the hardihood to deny that the cost of our Government is excessive and wasteful; and there is ground for the suspicion that for this condition the heedless neglect and indifference of our people are in some degree responsible. They are not, however, to be charged with deliberately and willfully approving the scale of waste and extravagance too often apparent in these latter days. Indeed a tremendous roar of applause was recently heard throughout the land when a River and Harbor bill, well laden down with extravagant iniquity, was talked to death in the closing hours of the last session of the United States Senate. If the aggregate mass of our people are at all blameworthy on account of the present advanced stage of public prodigality, it is largely because they overlooked and tolerated its small beginnings, when at all times they should have been vigilant and uncompromising. A self-ruling people, responsible for every miscarriage of their government, should above all others constantly remember that nothing multiplies itself more abundantly than national extravagance; and that neither an individual nor a popular government can easily correct or check habits of waste.

While easy-going indifference and toleration produce bitter fruit, an infinitely more dangerous and threatening condition is presented by the fact that many of our citizens have passed beyond the stage of mere indifference, and by accepting the bribes of selfish and personal advantage which public waste and extravagance offer, have been stimulated to find excuses for their existence. Thus is disclosed the manner in which familiarity with these pernicious agencies, and especially participation in their spoils, dulls the popular conscience and distorts the people's conception of good citizenship. There should be no condition known to American life under which it can be said of public waste as of vice, that

> "Seen too oft, familiar with her face,
> We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

The suggestion has not been overlooked that an especial obligation rests upon those who make and execute our laws to prevent the useless expenditure of public money; and that their firm refusal to yield to lax ideas of economy among the people, emphasized by an exposure of the wrong and danger of any compromise with public waste and extravagance, and by an earnest presentation of their own duty as honest public servants, could not fail to turn popular sentiment to better channels. This proposition is absolutely true in all its factors. As a matter of fact, however, the prospect of improvement in this direction is not promising. Those elected by the people to public place are apt to subject themselves to any contagion among the people—even to the surrender of individual conviction and the abandonment of individual conception of sworn duty. No elected office-holder cares to invite political martyrdom by refusing to obey the behests of influential constituents: and conscientious scruples are overruled by the plea that a public servant must be obedient to the will of those he represents.

A Notable Veto and its Reasons

In 1882 President Arthur vetoed a River and Harbor appropriation bill. In his message to Congress, after referring to the unjustifiable character of many of the appropriations contained in the bill, and to the private interests that constantly increased such appropriations, he made the following significant statement: "Thus as the bill becomes more objectionable it secures more support." He pointed out that the amount appropriated in measures of the same character had steadily grown from $3,975,900 in 1870 to $18,743,875 in 1882—the latter being the sum appropriated in the vetoed bill. The objections of the President were promptly overruled by a majority of more than two-thirds in each House of Congress, and the bill became a law notwithstanding the veto.

Fortunately, however, neither the action of Congress nor the judgment of any other human agency could overrule or expunge the impressive warning contained in the following passage of the President's veto message:

> The extravagant expenditure of public money is an evil not to be measured by the value of that money to the people who are taxed for it. They sustain a greater injury in the demoralizing effect produced upon those who are intrusted with official duty, through all the ramifications of government.

Fourteen years afterward another attempt was made by executive veto to check extravagant appropriations for river and harbor improvements. The bill which passed the Congress at that time and was presented to the President for his approval provided for immediate payments which, together with the authorization of contracts necessitating future payments, aggregated in all about $80,000,000. The veto then interposed met the fate of all its predecessors, and was decisively overruled. It may not be amiss, however, to reproduce as still surviving the following statements submitted to the Congress in support of executive disapproval:

> Individual economy and careful expenditure are sterling virtues which lead to thrift and comfort. Economy and the exaction of clear justification for the appropriation of public moneys by the servants of the people are not only virtues but solemn obligations.
>
> To the extent that the appropriations contained in this bill are instigated by private interests and promote local or individual projects, their allowance cannot fail to stimulate a vicious paternalism and encourage a sentiment among our people, already too prevalent, that their attachment to our Government may properly rest upon the hope and expectation of direct and especial favors, and that the extent to which they are realized may furnish an estimate of the value of governmental care.
>
> I believe no greater danger confronts us as a nation than the unhappy decadence among our people of genuine and trustworthy love and affection for our Government, as the embodiment of the highest and best aspirations of humanity and not as the giver of gifts, and because its mission is the enforcement of justice and equality, and not the allowance of unfair favoritism.

A Bill that Would Have Been Fair

In an official interview with the Chairman of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors a number of years ago, the President suggested the preparation of a bill in which there should be included appropriations for only such improvements of rivers and harbors as were concededly important to our commercial interest, leaving other items, unnecessary or of questionable propriety, if they must be presented, to abide by their merits or demerits, in a separate measure. This suggestion seemed to excite surprise on the part of the Chairman, who immediately declared that it would be impossible to make a start in his committee toward framing a bill on any such theory. In this connection the fact may be recalled that in the last session of Congress a member of the House, in discussing a River and Harbor bill, caused considerable amusement by exhibiting a chart or map indicating the several proportions of the money appropriated, which were to be expended in the districts represented by members of the committee who framed the bill.

It is not proposed at this time to deal with public expenditures except those related to the general Government; and even in this limited field no attempt will be made to present any considerable number of instances of Federal legislation which furnish evidence of waste and extravagance. Such instances as are referred to are chosen because the evidence they supply is easily recognized, and because incidents connected with them can be related which may perhaps illustrate certain phases of our general subject. Thus in the matter of river and harbor legislation a vast number of our fellow-citizens who are intelligently conversant with public affairs are fully convinced that in every bill making appropriations for river and harbor improvements there are many items which have no justification as legitimate or proper subjects of public expenditure—and the incidents which have been mentioned, touching such legislation, give a hint of the motives and results of its abuse.

Other instances of extravagance in the use of public funds are found in appropriations for the erection of public buildings in different parts of the country, professedly for the accommodation of local Federal officials. There can be no doubt that these buildings are often erected without justification in public necessity; and that in many cases, when justified, their size and cost are far beyond any pretense of public need. There are many communities whose members look every day upon public buildings the erection of which has benefited the citizens who sold to the Government the sites upon which the buildings stand, and which have been profitable to other citizens who furnished material or were employed in their construction, while last but not least, they have demonstrated the diligence of their Congressional representatives and their ability to secure expenditure of public money in their districts; but yet they all know perfectly well that in a business light and upon a liberal estimate of public need these buildings are monuments and reminders of public waste and extravagance.

More than twelve years ago the President was informed by the Chairman of the Congressional committee to which all bills for the erection and enlargement of public buildings are referred, that the appropriations for those purposes covered by the bills then before his committee awaiting action amounted to $37,000,000, but that it was proposed to report favorably on not more than $5,000,000 or $6,000,000 of such appropriations, to be locally distributed as fairly and satisfactorily as possible.

The Tearful Protest of a Congressman

An attempt was once made by the executive heads of the departments most concerned with the necessities of the Government in this direction to secure Congressional legislation authorizing the classification, as far as practicable in accordance with public needs, of the cities where public buildings might with propriety be located, and providing that when built they should substantially conform to a fixed rule of style and capacity and a limit of cost, to be regulated by such

classification. It seemed perfectly clear that such a measure would permit generous latitude in the number of Government buildings to be erected, and at the same time accomplish a large saving of public money. This plan entirely failed to meet Congressional favor. The limitations suggested would have seriously interfered with some of the purposes involved in separate and independent building schemes. It was about this time that a member of the House of Representatives, in a tearful interview with the President, lamented executive disapproval of a bill which authorized the erection of a public building in his district. He declared that the passage of the bill had monopolized all his Congressional effort and that its failure would blast all his hopes for reëlection. It was hardly claimed, however, that such a building as he hoped to secure was at all required by the public service.

Another astounding occasion of public waste and extravagance has grown out of the abuse of our nation's tender regard for those who suffered in its defense. Through the efforts of unprincipled pension agents and attorneys a lavish administration of extremely liberal general pension laws has resulted in numerous undeserved allowances; and these have been largely increased by thousands of pensions granted by special laws to those who have failed for want of merit under general statutes. These beneficiaries have thus learned that earnest support of a party leader, or a pledge of partisan return for especial Congressional favor, may be relied on as promising substitutes for pensionable disability.

The amount expended on account of pensions during the year ending June 30, 1885, was slightly over $56,000,000. Twenty years had then elapsed since the close of the Civil War; and it would have been reasonable to suppose, upon a just and prudent theory of pension legislation and administration, that the limit of just expenditure on this account had been nearly or quite reached. Such a belief, however, would have been vastly wide of the mark. Ten years afterward, and for the year ending June 30, 1895, the amount expended on account of pensions was more than $141,000,000—about one-third of the entire expense of supporting the Government for that year. There has been since that time no important variation in pension expenditure. In the year ending June 30, 1899, the amount was above $139,000,000, and during the next year nearly $141,000,000.

That the increasing extravagance in public expenditure which has been specifically touched upon indicates similar extravagance in other directions is shown by the fact that whereas the net ordinary expenses of the Government, excluding interest and payments on the public debt, for the fiscal year 1886 amounted to nearly $192,000,000, they have steadily increased at such a rate that for the fiscal year 1896 they amounted to but little less than $317,000,000.

The Constant Growth of Expenditures

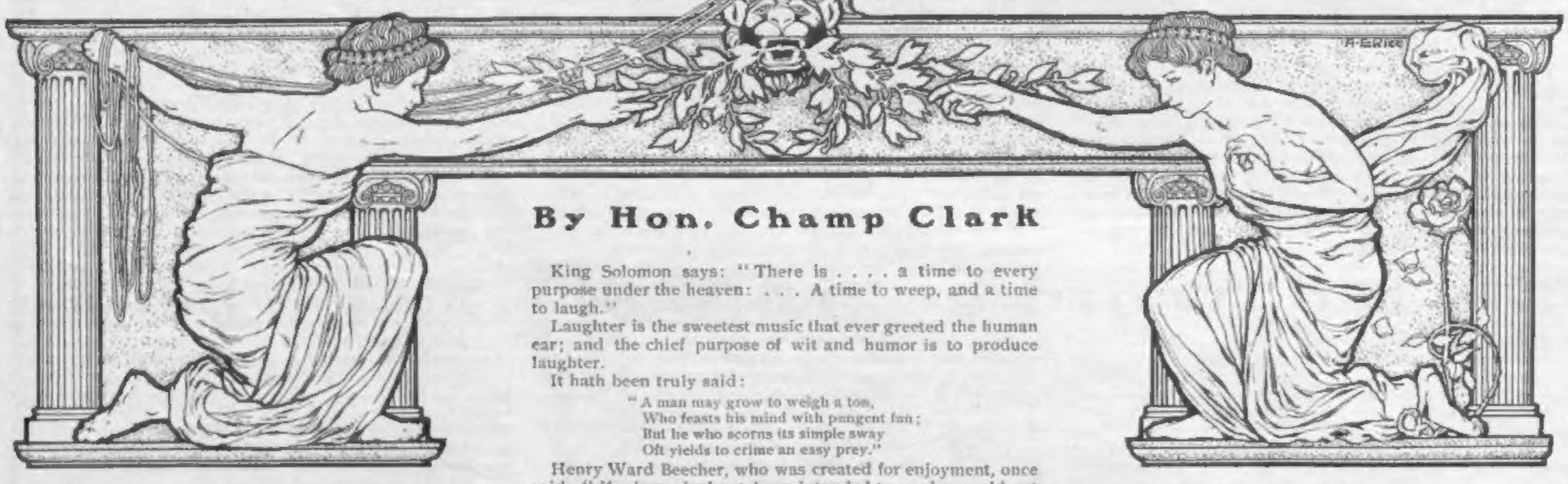
The fact that the expenditures of our Government are constantly growing and that increased waste and extravagance closely follow in their train, seems to cause but little shock even to those of our countrymen who are disinterestedly patriotic and thoughtful. This strange condition can only be explained by the overweening and assertive confidence in our strength and resources that characterizes us as a nation, in connection with the indirect and almost stealthy manner in which taxes for the support of the general Government are exacted from the people. When a Congress during its two sessions appropriated a billion dollars it was gayly asserted that ours was a billion-dollar country; and the appropriation of nearly a billion and a half dollars during the life of the Congress just closed does not appear seriously to challenge attention.

Our national strength is indeed prodigious; and our resources appear beyond the reach of misfortune. And yet where in reason or history do we find a warrant of security against the natural and unrelenting penalties of reckless waste and extravagance? The strong and vigorous men who are heedless of danger and exposure often fall victims to their rashness, and are outlived by their weaker fellows, upon whom the laws of life and health have enjoined caution and self-care. With all our boasted strength and resources there must be somewhere a limit of safety in our prodigality.

The suggestions arising from these considerations are serious enough to warn our people that retrenchment is immediately necessary. If, however, a more impressive and conclusive admonition is needed, it will be found in the manifest and unhappy modification in popular and official disposition and character which are chargeable to public waste and extravagance. We may safely assume, what the illustrations that have been given indicate, that those evils attach themselves to legislation which, though in its main features necessary and proper, is of such character as easily to admit of abuses favorable to the advancement of private and individual interests. The opportunity thus afforded to gain direct personal advantage through alliance with legitimate Federal legislation presented temptations which quickly bore fruit. Efforts in that direction have been met, by those intrusted with the management of public affairs, with the compliance and encouragement that seemed necessary to secure and hold the political support of those pushing their private interests. Every successful venture of this sort has bred new ventures and spread the contagion of benefit-seeking among our people; and every new demand on the people's official representatives for aid has led to new compliance, new encouragement of claimants, and new departures from the path of public economy and duty. Thus the pendulum swings in perpetual motion, between the people and their representatives in the Government, with pernicious action and reaction. This has produced a frightful deadening among the masses of our countrymen of that disinterested and exalted patriotic sentiment which is the only sure guaranty of our perpetuity, and has obscured, in our official life, that just and true conception of public duty which enjoins refusal of service in behalf of private and selfish schemes, and constant devotion to the public good.

The lessons of extravagance and paternalism must be unlearned; economy and frugality must be reinstated; and the people must exact from their representatives a watchful care for the general welfare and a stern resistance to the demands of selfish interests, if our Government is to be an enduring and beneficent protection to a patriotic and virtuous people.

The Use of Wit, Humor and Anecdote in Public Speech



By Hon. Champ Clark

King Solomon says: "There is . . . . a time to every purpose under the heaven: . . . A time to weep, and a time to laugh."

Laughter is the sweetest music that ever greeted the human ear; and the chief purpose of wit and humor is to produce laughter.

It hath been truly said:

> "A man may grow to weigh a ton,
> Who feasts his mind with pungent fun;
> But he who scorns its simple sway
> Oft yields to crime an easy prey."

Henry Ward Beecher, who was created for enjoyment, once said: "If a horse had not been intended to go, he would not have had the 'go' in him."

Wit and humor, like all others of the numberless and precious gifts of God to man, undoubtedly have their proper uses. They help to float a heavy speech and to give wings to solid argument. A brilliant sally, a sparkling epigram, a fetching simile, a happy *mot*, an apropos anecdote, may extricate one from a perilous predicament, where all else would fail utterly.

MANY persons who never had a bright idea in their heads or a generous sentiment in their hearts, assuming an air of owlish wisdom, affect to disdain wit and humor and to be vastly superior to the practitioners thereof, forgetting, or most likely never having heard of the great truth enunciated by Charles Lamb: "A laugh is worth an hundred groans in any market."

In most instances it is a case of sour grapes.

To be disparaged is the penalty which brilliancy must pay to dullness. It is natural for jealous souls to endeavor to belittle those qualities which they do not possess.

It is a mean sort of egotism, a vainglorious pride, which is apt to have a sudden fall.

As the non-humorous and unwitty constitute the overwhelming majority, they have succeeded, partially at least, by dint of ceaseless iteration, in propagating the idea that mental dryness is indicative of wisdom, and that a wit or humorist is lacking in the substantial qualities of mind—all of which is mere moonshine.

'Twas the success of the theory of the Dry-as-Dusts which forced Tom Corwin in his old days, in an address to a law class, to utter this pathetic plaint: "Young men, if you desire a reputation for wisdom, never joke; be as solemn as an ass!"

Considering who said it, that is one of the saddest sentiments ever fashioned by human lips; for he went to his grave in the firm belief that his reputation as a wit and humorist cost him the Chief Magistracy of the Republic; but in that he was mistaken. It was his speech against the Mexican War—by far the greatest he ever made and one of the greatest ever delivered in the Senate of the United States—which removed him forever from the list of Presidential possibilities.

No sane person would choose to be continually cooped up with another who is witty or humorous on all occasions, any more than he would desire to dwell in a land of perpetual day; but sunshine is a good thing, nevertheless. So are wit and its cousin, humor.

How Corwin's Ready Wit Saved the Day

For example, take the case of Tom Corwin, whose splendid genius lighted up and glorified the age in which he lived. At the time when the slavery agitation was becoming acute and when the Abolitionists were strong enough to defeat candidates, though still too weak to elect their own, Corwin, who was swart as Othello and was a candidate for Congress, was addressing a great open-air meeting in Southern Ohio, and was doing his best to offend no one. A wily and malicious auditor, in order to unhorse him, interrupted him with the query: "Are you in favor of a law permitting colored people to eat at the same tables with white folks in hotels and on steamboats?"

"Black Tom" did not follow the Scriptural injunction, "Let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay." That was too concise and direct for the end he had in view—which was to dodge, or, in prize-ring parlance, to "duck." If he answered "Yea," all the pro-slavery votes would be cast against him, and he would be defeated. If he answered "Nay," the Abolitionists would defeat him. He answered neither "Yea" nor "Nay," but, with his dark, mobile countenance shining with the gladness of certain victory, he replied: "Fellow-citizens, I submit that it is improper to ask that question of a gentleman of my color!" The crowd, delirious with delight, yelled itself hoarse, and the "Wagon Boy" carried the day and the election.

Now, I propound to a candid world this pertinent question: Could any Dry-as-Dust statesman have escaped the net of the spoiler as gracefully as did Corwin? I trow not.

The truth is that the man who is dowered with wit and humor is in first-class intellectual company with such men as Shakespeare, Lord Bacon, Sheridan, Pope, Addison, Swift, the elder Pitt, Dickens, Thackeray, Curran, Smollett, Charles James Fox, Charles Lamb, Henry Fielding, Congreve, Dick Steele, Sydney Smith, Lord Byron, Tom Moore, Robert Burns, Benjamin Disraeli, Daniel Webster, "Prince" John Van Buren, Tom Marshall, George D. Prentice, Sargent S. Prentiss, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Washington Irving, Tom Corwin, Abraham Lincoln, Sunset Cox, Henry Watterson, Proctor Knott, Roswell G. Horr, Robert G. Ingersoll, Thomas B. Reed, John M. Allen, Justice John M. Harlan, George G. Vest, and a bright and shining host of statesmen, orators, poets and literati; not to mention the professional humorists, from John Phœnix to Mark Twain.

Wits Who Have Won High Public Office

It is a queer historic fact, pertinent here and well calculated to furnish much food for reflection, that the three most distinguished living New York humorists are now comfortably located in these downy berths: Joseph H. Choate is Ambassador to the Court of St. James, General Horace Porter is Ambassador to the Court of Versailles, and Chauncey Mitchell Depew is United States Senator.

It may also be interesting to state that one of the most illustrious New Yorkers of the last generation, William Maxwell Evarts, the foremost lawyer of his time, owed his world-wide fame as much to his wit as to his legal attainments, and that he filled the great offices of Attorney-General, Secretary of State and Senator of the United States.

It is safe to say that Doctor Talmage's humorous faculty has netted him over a quarter of a million on the lecture platform, and that Governor Bob Taylor's has placed him in the ranks of rich Tennesseeans.

Unless Republicans as well as republics are ungrateful, they will some day erect a magnificent monument to their

pioneer Senator, John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, whose irresistible humor forced the attention of men who were ready to stone his sober-minded companions.

This is *par excellence* the land of orators. Here within the life of the Republic—a mere span in the history of the human race—the divine gift of moving the mind and the heart by the power of spoken words has been bestowed upon more men than in all the rest of the world since the Confusion of Tongues at the unfinished Tower of Babel.

By universal acclaim Demosthenes is *the* Grecian orator, Cicero *the* Roman orator, Mirabeau *the* French orator, Castelar *the* Spanish orator, and Edmund Burke *the* English orator. Their "right there is none to dispute." Who is the American orator? Ask that question of any American audience and there will be a score of answers, precipitating a heated wrangle.

Ministers Who Put Wit Into Sermons

The universal gift of tongues in America renders appropriate, haply instructive, a discussion and illustration of the use of wit, humor and anecdote in public speech—for all use them who can, and they are found in every species of public speech—bar none. Henry Ward Beecher enlivened many of his sermons with them, as did John Smith, of Kentucky and Missouri—commonly called "Raccoon" John Smith, because he was once remunerated in raccoon skins for pronouncing the marriage ceremony in an early day. He was famous in the Southwest as one of the great pioneers in the religious reformation with which the name of Alexander Campbell is forever associated in the nickname of "Campbellite." In our time Sam Jones has rivaled Beecher and Smith in this regard. Of course, all three have been severely criticised as iconoclasts; but imitation is the sincerest flattery, and scores of young preachers pattern after them with various degrees of success and applause.

One of the greatest surprises of my life was to discover that some one had compiled and published a volume with the rather startling title of The Wit and Humor of the Bible. I once made the round of the St. Louis bookstores in quest of that curiosity of literature. From the furtive manner in which the clerks glanced at me out of the tails of their eyes I incline to the opinion that they thought I was suffering from incipient lunacy.

After all, however, it must be confessed that the use of wit, humor and anecdote—that is, amusing anecdote—in sermons or in funeral orations is meagre and of rather a lugubrious sort.

They are used most frequently, most appropriately, at the bar, on the stump, in Congress, on the platform and in after-dinner speeches. The most famous after-dinner speech within the memory of any living man was that of Henry W. Grady at the banquet of the New England Club of New York. It was a rich mine of eloquence, wit, humor and anecdote. One of the stories he told was this:

"There was once an old preacher who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read the next morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: 'When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife who was——' Then, turning the page: '——one hundred and forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch inside and out.'

"He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it and then said: 'My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made.'"

I once heard Vice-President Garret A. Hobart, in an after-dinner speech in Washington to an audience made up largely of newspaper men, utter this *mot*: "Since I have been in office I have given the newspaper men everything they asked of me—except my confidence!" which was enjoyed immensely by all his hearers, especially by the newspaper men themselves.

Hon. Joseph H. Choate is as celebrated as a post-prandial orator as he is as a lawyer.

Nothing verbal could be more delicious than his definition of the dinners of the New England Society of New York as "Those gatherings of an unhappy company of Pilgrims who meet annually at Delmonico's to drown the sorrows and sufferings of their ancestors in the flowing bowl and to contemplate their own virtues in the mirror of history."

At one of those dinners he proposed the following toast, which contains more wit than do most witty speeches:

"Woman, the better half of the Yankee world—at whose tender summons even the stern Pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they never could have achieved the historic title of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim Mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they not only had to bear the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers stood, but they had to bear with the Pilgrim Fathers besides."

New Yorkers agree that either Mr. Choate or Chauncey M. Depew is the finest after-dinner speaker on earth.

Some Repartee 'Twixt Depew and Choate

Some one says: "At an annual dinner of the St. Nicholas Society, Choate was down for the toast 'The Navy,' while Depew was to respond to 'The Army.' Depew began by saying: 'It's well to have a specialist; that's why Choate is here to speak about the Navy. We met at the wharf once and I never saw him again till we reached Liverpool. When I asked how he felt he said he thought he would have enjoyed the trip over if he had had any ocean air. Yes, you want to hear Choate on the Navy.'

"Choate responded: 'I've heard Depew hailed as the greatest after-dinner speaker. If after-dinner speaking, as I have heard it described and as I believe it to be, is the art of saying nothing at all, then Doctor Depew is the most marvelous speaker in the universe.'"

In joint discussions on the stump every weapon in the mental armory is brought into service. In that species of public speech wit and humor are invaluable and are most used—especially that sort known as repartee.

By far the most memorable performance in that line was the series of debates between Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln in 1858. The United States Senatorship was the prize directly in sight, but both looked beyond that to the Presidency as their goal. In winning the Senatorship Douglas lost the Presidency to Lincoln. Unlike in everything except ambition, they were most equally matched, each being wondrously strong. They had known each other from early manhood and were on the friendliest footing; but they laid on and spared not, being not over-particular about hitting below the belt. On one occasion Douglas sneeringly referred to the fact that he once saw Lincoln retailing whiskey: "Yes," replied Lincoln, "it is true that the first time I saw Judge Douglas I was selling whiskey by the drink. I was on the inside of the bar and the Judge was on the outside. I busy selling, he busy buying." Which is about as neat a retort as the annals of the stump afford—rich but not malicious. It perhaps had a greater effect on the audience than if Lincoln had spent an hour talking about intemperance in general and his own temperance in particular.

On the stump, in a hot campaign, it is not the elegance of an anecdote that tells, so much as its pointedness, its snappiness, above all, its applicability.

A Good Story Told by a Western Man

It is not probable that a better story-teller than Ex-Lieutenant-Governor David A. Ball, of Missouri, ever stood before an American audience. In 1896 he was trying to persuade the Gold Democrats that, notwithstanding the fact that they differed from the regulars on the financial issue, they agreed with them on so many points that they ought to vote for Bryan anyway. He wound up that part of his speech as follows: "How would a Moss-back Missouri Democrat look voting with the Republicans? I will tell you. Up in Pike County an old chap undertook to commit suicide by hanging himself with a blind bridle. Just as he was about dead his son cut him down. The old man rubbed his eyes and said: 'John, if you had let me alone a minute longer I would have been in Heaven.' 'Yes,' replied the boy, 'you would have cut a deuce of a figure in Heaven looking through a blind bridle, wouldn't you?' And that," concluded Mr. Ball, "is the way a Missouri Democrat would look voting for a Republican under any circumstances whatsoever!"

I have heard that told all the way from the Atlantic to the Rockies, and it invariably brought down the house.

One of my predecessors in Congress, Colonel David Patterson Dyer, owes his advancement in life fully as much to his wit and humor as to his professional attainments. He is an intense Republican and was sent to Congress during the reconstruction period. He understands thoroughly the philosophy which teaches that a soft answer turneth away wrath.

He is *persona grata* to his old Democratic constituents, and though he tongue-lashes them dreadfully, they turn out in

(*Concluded on Page 18*)

The Old Sword on the Wall

By Joe Lincoln

Where the warm spring sunlight, streaming
Through the window, sets its gleaming,
With a softened silver sparkle in the dim and dusky hall,
With its tassel torn and tattered,
And its blade deep-bruised and battered,
Like a veteran, scarred and weary, hangs the old sword on the wall.

None can tell its stirring story,
None can sing its deeds of glory,
None can say which cause it struck for, or from what limp hand it fell;
On the battlefield they found it,
Where the dead lay thick around it,
Friend and foe—a gory tangle—tossed and torn by shot and shell.

Who, I wonder, was its wearer,
Was its stricken soldier bearer?
Was he some proud Southern stripling, tall and straight and brave and true?
Dusky locks and lashes had he?
Or was he some Northern laddie,
Fresh and fair, with cheeks of roses, and with eyes and coat of blue?

From New England's fields of daisies,
Or from Dixie's bowered mazes,
Rode he proudly forth to conflict? What, I wonder, was his name?
Did some sister, wife or mother
Mourn a husband, son or brother?
Did some sweetheart look with longing for a love who never came?

Fruitless question! Fate forever
Keeps its secret, answering never,
But the grim old blade shall blossom on this mild Memorial Day;
I will wreathe its hilt with roses
For the soldier who reposes
Somewhere 'neath the Southern grasses in his garb of blue or gray.

May the flowers be fair above him,
May the bright buds bend and love him,
May his sleep be deep and dreamless till the last great bugle call;
And may North and South be nearer
To each other's heart, and dearer,
For the memory of their heroes and the old swords on the wall.

Dumb Luck By Herbert E. Hamblen

Merrily she whistled them along

TOM DAVIS sat by the open bay-window of his dining-room, scowling at the glorious June sunshine and puffing at a malevolent black clay, gloomily.

Annie watched his broad shoulders with wifely solicitude while clearing away the dinner-dishes and filling to the very brim his big, square, railroad dinner-pail. It was the first time she had seen him so, and it troubled her. She chirruped and talked baby talk to the heir of the Davis possessions, but Tom never noticed. Then she tried a simple love ditty that had once been potent, but it fell flat. His very attitude—for even backs can be expressive—proclaimed angry discontent; and a wisp of hair sticking straight up from the crown of his head nodded a signal of surly defiance.

When finished with her chores Annie stood and looked at him—looked hard. His mind must, indeed, be far away when he failed to respond to that hypnotic influence. The silence resulting from the cessation of her gentle clatter was unbearable. She plumped the baby resolutely down in his lap, exclaiming:

"For mercy's sake, Tom, do come out of the woods a minute. What in the world is the matter with you? You've done nothing but mope ever since you got up; I never saw you like this before."

The pitiful tremor in her voice, so very near to tears, brought burly Tom back to a realization of his boorishness with a rush. He disentangled the infant's fingers from his whiskers as seriously as though he were solving the most intricate problem of life, while the other hand stole affectionately around his wife's waist. "I know it, Annie," he replied dolefully, "an' I'm ashamed o' myself for actin' so, but I can't help it. Fact is, I'm clean wore out an' discouraged with that infernal engine; she'll get me out of a job yet."

Annie stroked the refractory wisp of hair persuasively. Somehow it seemed to be the cause, instead of the effect, of his ill humor.

"Oh, nonsense, Tom," she replied cheerily; "I haven't heard of anybody losing their jobs because they were unable to accomplish the impossible. I think you worry more than there is any need to. Mr. Dickson can't make time with her, either, but I don't believe he takes it to heart the way you do."

"He don't, hey?" Tom fired up. "Well, I guess if you'd heard him when he came in last trip you'd think he worried enough; he's just about ready to quit the job an' go back on his farm—that's the way he feels about it;" and Tom wagged his head in a mute "I told you so" way that was not without its effect on Annie, though she pretended not to notice.

"Oh, to be sure," she replied, a knowing smile playing hide-and-seek between lips and eyes; "I've heard of men throwing up their jobs before, when things didn't just suit them; but at last accounts they were all hanging on with the same old grip."

"Yes, I s'pose so;" and poor Tom heaved a heart-weary sigh. "Of course," he continued, "a man daresn't throw up his job; gen'ly he don't have to; comp'ny looks out for that. I don't s'pose I'll ever get fired over the blamed engine; the old man would hardly go so far as that; but I'll get into lots of trouble—I'm in lots of it now. He says he'll keep her on the train, an' that she's got to make the time, if he has to try every man on the division on her an' then hire others. He says he knows a man can make time with her—wonder who 'tis!" He ruminated on this question a moment, then added, as though to himself, "Prob'ly he lies." He returned from his momentary trance and added: "You see, Annie, Ol' Stanford has put the comp'ny to lots of expense with these patent gimcracks of his that he's put on that engine, an' now he'll sacrifice every man on the division but what he'll make a success of her. Why, every last man on freight is scared to death for fear he'll have to take a whack at the 333. I hope they do; then he'll find out! She won't make the time, an' Ol' Stanford nor nobody else can't make her make it," he concluded, with a finality of emphasis intended as much for his own conviction as Annie's—for the "ol' man" had said he knew of one who could, and that sounded portentous.

Annie took the baby from him and sat down on his knee.

Here was a case that required all her finesse. She tried all the little encouraging endearments that had never failed before, but they were unavailing now. A stubborn fact had to be combated. He put her gently from him and got up with an air of extreme weariness.

"Well, I must be goin'," he said, as lugubriously as though he had the gallows in mind. "I've got to tackle her again, but I'd rather take a first-class lickin'. Shouldn't wonder if you see me on the head of a freight train next trip."

He picked up his dinner-pail and overclothes and shambled out of the door, the picture of a thoroughly heartbroken and disgusted railroader.

Annie watched him in stupefied amazement; then, cuddling the baby tight, she ran after him. Next thing Tom Davis knew, a plump white arm encircled his neck from behind, displaying astonishing strength. At the same moment a dimpled and no less surprisingly muscular hand seized his chin and twisted his stubborn neck around.

"Baby, you ask your papa if he hasn't forgotten something!" saluted his ear in a tone the sweetest in all the world, yet with just a trace of unmistakable decision in it.

The troubled gray eyes met the smiling blue ones, and railroad perplexities vanished instantly, like unstable mists before the sun. The baby clawed his father's nose in savage glee as Tom gathered them to his heart, forgetting for the moment contrary engines, impossible time-schedules, and wrathy master-mechanics.

"I declare, little woman," said Tom—after the third—"that pesky engine came near making trouble between us."

"Never, Tom; neither that engine nor any other." She patted his shoulder caressingly and added: "Now, don't get reckless and take chances just for the sake of making time with that train. I'd rather a thousand times that you were back on freight than to have you worrying yourself to death over this fast train; mind me, now, that's a good boy!" And once more she pressed a wifely kiss to his lips.

"By-by, gal; I got to go. I ought to be at the roundhouse now." And Tom strode off down the hill in the pleasantest frame of mind he had known that day.

At the bend of the road he met his "pardner," Dave Dickson, returning from the store with an armful of groceries. Dave had done "putty well" last trip. He had nearly "made his runnin' time"—always a powerful argument—but an open draw and a couple of clearances on preceding freights had made the fact difficult of demonstration to "the boss," and neutralized any satisfaction he might have hoped to get from it. He had enjoyed the daily "dance upon the carpet," and Mr. Stanford had not neglected to say the cutting things which his position enabled him to say with impunity.

When the two unfortunate engineers met they mingled their grief and discolored the ambient June atmosphere with lurid expressions in the vernacular.

"Hang 'im!" said Dave, expectorating fiercely at an inoffensive tumblebug, "why can't he leave the engines alone? She was all right before she went to the shop this last time an' got filled up with his blasted inventions. I had 'er a couple of years ago, an' she was as good an engine as you'd want."

"Course she was; jess's good as any of 'em! And even now she can go when she's got the steam."

"When she's got the steam, yes; but what good is that? She's never got it. I seen a car o' Pocahontas coal in the yard when I came in; wonder what they're goin' to do with it? I asked Larry to let you have a tank of it to-night, but he said he daresn't touch it without the ol' man's orders."

"Pocahontas, hey? That ought to make 'er steam; an,' by gum, if I get it, an' she makes the ol' stuff, I'll roll them varnished cars into Dalton on time to-night or run the wheels from under her."

"Don't believe you'll get it," said Dave pessimistically. "The ol' man wouldn't be that accommodatin'; anyhow, I don't believe she'd steam if she was fired with hams an' bacon."

Now, when two engineers run the same engine it is seldom that they agree in regard to her. If the little streaks of luck so familiar to railroad men happen to favor one, he will look pityingly upon his less fortunate brother, as one not so competent as himself. Thus it was that Dave's vehement indorsement of his own opinion, superimposed upon his recent pleasant parting from his wife, heartened Tom immensely; especially as Dave was a much older man than he.

With a light heart Tom hurried to the roundhouse, already a little late, bound and determined to have a tank of that good coal if it were humanly possible to get it.

Larry met him at the door with the information that the old man had forbidden him to touch the car of Pocahontas until further orders. He mitigated the blow somewhat by adding: "I hain't put nothing on 'er yet, Tom; I thought I'd give ye a chance to tackle 'im yerself. If 'e feels putty good, ye may git it. I seen 'im goin' in the office a minute ago, so if you want to ketch 'im before 'e goes home you'll have to hurry up."

"I'm obliged to ye for holdin' 'er back, Larry, but I don't believe it's any use. He'll have to be feelin' almighty fine if he don't get over it the minute he sees me comin'; however, I'll have a go at 'im." "Ol' Stanford," as the master-mechanic was irreverently called, had grown gray and wrinkled in the company's service. Much experience in sifting the stories of wily railroaders, when on the defensive, had engrafted a distrustful wariness on the old gentleman's kindly nature, which was generally mistaken for official adamant. In reality, he had never outgrown the simple democracy which he imbibed when serving his time in the shop; so when Tom entered, despite the many recent stormy interviews that had passed between them, he asked pleasantly:

"Well, Mr. Davis, what can I do for you?"

Tom had come half rigged out in war paint and feathers, so the unexpected geniality of the boss rather flustered him; however, time was short, so he blurted out his message at once:

"I think I might make the time to-night if I had a tank of that Pocahontas coal, sir, but Larry says you forbade him giving me any."

"That's right. That coal is a sample, sent us to try on the 333; but it hasn't been officially received yet, so it doesn't belong to us."

To a railroad man, trained to idolatrous reverence of orders, this statement conveyed a discouraging sense of finality; but Tom hated to let go; he wanted that coal, and he wanted it very, very badly. So he hitched around, and

Both trains had gone —

he thought quickly—as a man does when a red light flashes out of the darkness on a curve, but all he could think to say was: "As long as it's for us, anyway, I should think you might strain a point an' let me have a tank of it; I should like to make time with her once before I go back on freight."

"I should certainly like to see you make the time myself; nobody would be better pleased. I think I can promise you a back at the good coal before I set you back on freight, but I can't *issue an order* to have her coaled out of that car to-night." The old gentleman gave Tom a quizzical look, and a dry smile struggled for expression at the corners of his mouth as he emphasized the words, "issue an order."

Now, Tom Davis was not phenomenally obtuse; he could see as far into a millstone as another could bite into it. He glanced at his watch hurriedly and asked:

"Going home soon, ain't you, sir?"

"Yes; right away."

"Bet I'll get 'er there to-night," said Tom, with difficulty repressing a grin.

"I hope so," replied Mr. Stanford, picking up his hat and bidding Tom good-evening. As he turned toward the door he added:

"Mind, I've given you no orders to get that coal!"

"I know you haven't, sir." And Tom hustled out to the roundhouse, away late.

Larry was just coming out of the house. Tom yelled at him:

"Hey, Larry! Ho, Larry!"

"Wal, w'at is it?"

Larry had lapsed into his normal condition: surly, grumpy, obstinate. Tom pretended not to notice, and in the most optimistic tone he could assume at such short notice said:

"The ol' man's gone home, Larry; hurry up an' get 'er 'round to the coal track an' slap on a bustin' big tank o' that good coal."

"Did the ol' man say so?" And Larry bored him through with his bad eye.

"It's all right, I tell ye; go ahead."

"Not till I get a written order from the ol' man!" And Larry shambled across the turntable, obstinacy exuding from every wrinkle of his ragged overclothes.

Here was a snag, indeed, and the precious minutes flying. Tom ran after the old fellow and passed an arm coaxingly over his shoulder. He had been sorely tempted to reel off some of the things Larry was accustomed to hear daily from exasperated engineers, but in the nick of time he remembered a saying of his mother's: "There are more flies caught with honey than with vinegar, my son." So he said: "You're in a hurry, ain't you, Larry; away late getting these engines out?"

"Yes, I be; an' a good deal on it's due to holdin' back the 333 for you."

"All right; I'm awfully obliged to you, an' now I'll tell you what you do: you go in the roundhouse an' keep good an' busy, an' I'll take 'er 'round an' get 'er coaled up myself."

"None o' yer games, now!"

"Nary a game."

"If there's any fuss over this, you'll be in it?"

"Me alone."

"All right, me boy, go it! An' I glory in yer grit!" And Larry ambled off into the roundhouse with an uneasy sense of something impending.

Tom sprang lightly into the cab, and a few minutes later the tender was piled high with the pitchy, rusty-looking cubes of almost pure carbon.

In those benighted old times it was asserted that an engine couldn't possibly make steam unless the black fog rolled in continuous, solid billows from the top of the stack. Certain cranks had made crude moves looking to the abatement of the smoke nuisance, but engineers and firemen frowned upon their efforts, dubbing them "new-fangled notions," an expression synonymous with worthless. The prejudices of a generation die hard! Mr. Stanford's improvements contained that item, among others, but of this the engineers were unaware. Consequently, when Tom's anxious gaze was rewarded by a mere whiff of straggling, brownish smoke, his heart misgave him sorely. If that were all the Pocahontas would do, the old man would get his scalp without the peradventure of a doubt.

But as she reeled off mile after mile, and his watch told him she was making the time, though many pounds light for steam, he leaned back, folded his arms and looked pleasant. The fireman noted his contented look, surmised the cause, and flattered himself that *he* had got on to her curves at last.

It was a lovely night, warm enough to run with the front window open, and as Tom rode along his mind roamed in pleasant places. Guess the old man wouldn't be very severe on him now for helping himself to the good coal. And how glad Dave would be to learn that the riddle was solved at last. But best and sweetest of all would be Annie's congratulations when he should tell her he had made the time. He almost hoped something would happen to "lay him out," so he could have a chance to make up a little; she could do it easy. He would fix the diaphragm before he came back, to make her throw black fog and keep the pressure up to the popping point—for nothing quite compensates for low steam.

Merrily she wheeled them along, over dizzily swaying trestles, through resounding tunnels and echoing cuts; and the word flashed over the wire as she passed station after station: "Train four on time."

Danny Wilson, the youngest train dispatcher on the staff, had relieved Trevor, the second-trick man. Danny's promotion to this important position was due solely to his excellent record in the lower grades. No charge of favoritism was even hinted at; yet some of the older heads wagged wisely, predicting that "some day" this making dispatchers of "kid operators" would be tried once too often. Chief Dispatcher Maguire, a self-reliant man, turned a deaf ear to the croakers; but he kept a sharp eye on Danny, nevertheless.

While Danny thoroughly appreciated his own worth, he managed to keep his self-respect within such bounds that he was well liked in the office; and he was a prime social favorite everywhere. Handsome, accomplished and genial, no function was complete without him.

He had been the life of the picnic of the Rose Bud Social Club that afternoon and evening. Many bright eyes followed him wistfully, and many fair bosoms heaved regretfully when he was obliged to leave before midnight. Danny had danced with them all, and had partaken more liberally of refreshments than he cared to. To be sure, he was all right when he came on duty—only a little tired—and had been, for that matter, all day. Nevertheless, Trevor favored him with a sharp glance and sniffed suspiciously as he warned him to look out for the president's special.

"All right, Bob; we'll keep her rolling, and give the old boy a ride for his money," he replied in his offhand, jovial way. Then, to offset what Trevor might consider unseemly flippancy, as well as to show that he had no desire to conceal his breath, he accompanied the elder man to the head of the stairs and bade him a pleasant good-night. Trevor was unfavorably impressed, but it was none of his business; Maguire was boss, so he went his way.

The night wore slowly on, and the trains, obedient to the master mind in the dispatcher's office, flew like shuttles over the system, weaving that endless commercial warp which is one of the wonders of the century. The office was close, tending to drowsiness. Danny went to the window for a breath of air. He wished he had stayed at home and taken a good sleep. Picnics were all right, but—he wouldn't go to another.

The president's train, stopping only for water, was coming east at a great rate. He must keep the track clear for her, for, though she was running as an "extra," with absolutely no "rights," it would not be well for him to "lay her out" if it could possibly be avoided. The big bosses have a way of asking distressing questions in a very pointed manner.

A glance at the time-card showed that, at her present rate, she should arrive at Scomberg about the time Tom Davis was due there with the limited—and Tom was making time to-night. As the train-sheet showed that one of the two long sidings there was empty, he decided on Scomberg for their meeting point. Now, the rules require a meet order to be sent to all trains concerned at the same time—to guard against getting things mixed.

Danny called Jenkinsville—the next station west of Scomberg—and sent an order for the special to meet "train four" at Scomberg. He should then have called Harrison, the last station where he could catch Tom, and sent him an order to pass the special at Scomberg; but his mouth was full of ashes, so he went over to the cooler and took a drink. Before he got back to the table a charming compliment paid him that afternoon by Ada Sloan, the acknowledged belle of the picnic, had inserted itself among the train orders in his brain.

He sat down and called Harrison and gave "train four" orders to pass the special at Jenkinsville. This is what is known on railroads as a "lap-order"—the two meeting points overlapping each other—and is obviously impossible of fulfillment. Danny's copy operator—sitting directly opposite—copied every word of these two orders as they were sent; and when the station operators repeated them back he underlined each word, to see that no mistakes were made—but he failed to note the fatal error of the dispatcher himself. So much for the benumbing influence of dull routine.

After the orders were made "complete," and the trains had gone—beyond recall—Danny had a few minutes to spare. He went and sat in the open window, allowing the cool morning air to fan his fevered brow. His mind reverted to the picnic and its many pleasant features, and again he decided that this kind of thing must stop; his brain was not so clear as it ought to be to enable him properly to handle the trains.

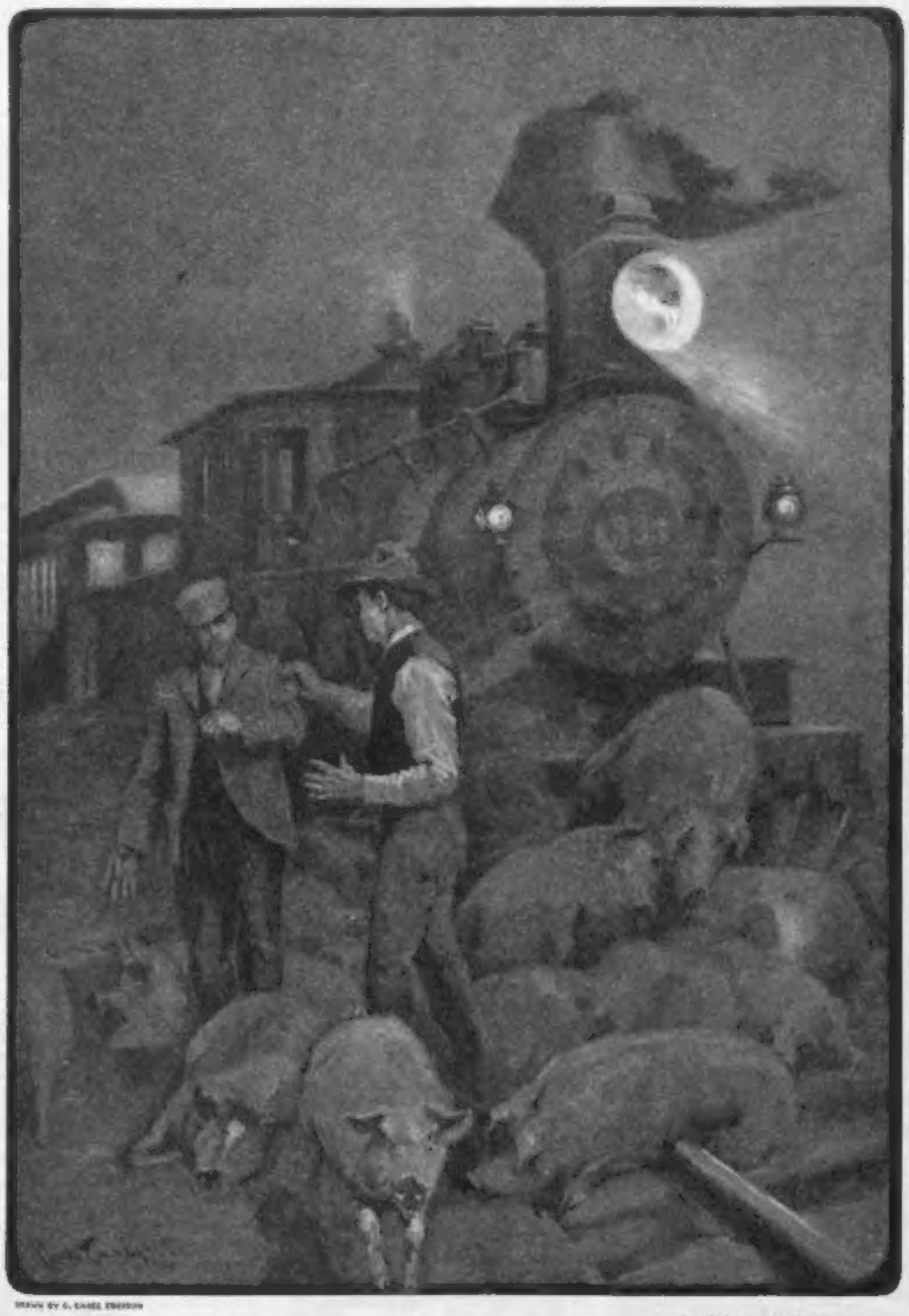
The operator asked permission to go out for a moment, and as Danny granted it he glanced at the clock. He had been sitting there longer than he thought; the special and the limited were nearly due to meet at —— His subconsciousness awoke with a start, and a vague horror chilled the marrow in his bones.

He flew to the table and picked up the train-sheet. The word "Jenkinsville" seemed to stand alone on the written page. There lay the orders he had so recently marked "complete." Both trains had gone—the special was speeding toward Scomberg, out of reach. There was a station between Harrison, where Tom Davis got his order, and Scomberg—*but it had no night operator*.

Trevor met Mr. Maguire returning from lodge. The tender of a cigar from the boss encouraged Trevor to open his mind regarding what he knew was a delicate topic—Danny Wilson's absolute trustworthiness.

"Oh, I know," snarled Maguire, bristling at once with official wrath; "some o' you fellers have been jealous ever since I set Wilson up. I only hope I never get a less reliable man—if I don't, there'll be no dispatcher's wrecks on this division."

Despite Maguire's willful misconstruction of his warning Trevor persisted, dwelling upon the slightly questionable condition in which Danny had gone to work that night. Maguire was impressed in spite of himself; so when they parted he went around to the office, determined to give



—Dennis is an unprotesting martyr

Danny a severe "jacking up," should he discover any signs of that of which Trevor had spoken.

He hurriedly ascended the stairs—and there stood Danny, pale and trembling, staring stupidly at the orders. In a moment Maguire knew just what had occurred.

Sharply telling Danny to get a move on and call the division roadmaster and the wreck-train crew, Maguire sat down to the key, and with a hand whose steadiness betrayed no symptom of the agitation within him he called Scomberg. Neither train had arrived. Tom was about due there now; but then he was always late with that new engine.

The operator at Scomberg called, saying the special had just whistled for the station. Maguire broke in on him before his message was hardly complete, telling him to hurry out and flag number four, adding that hair-raising railroad warning: "Lap-order!"

After Maguire sent orders to the wreck train he glanced over the train-sheet to see if there were any more deviltry afloat. When he saw that train four had been on time "all over the road," for the first time since engine 333 had been hauling it—and when he could have prayed for her to be an hour late—he leaned back and wiped the cold perspiration from his brow. Veteran that he was, he was forced to marvel at the unaccountable antics of Fate. His nervousness found vent in rapid tobacco-chewing, as he listened for the fateful "WK" from Scomberg that should tell him the inevitable had happened. Seconds rolled into minutes, but there came no word from Scomberg. He called repeatedly, but got no answer—as likely as not the operator had got caught and killed in the wreck. The suspense was almost overpowering, even to the old dispatcher, thoroughly schooled in all phases of the business.

Tom Davis was enjoying the most agreeable trip he had known in many a long night. The old girl didn't make such a powerful lot of steam, but the way she could travel was a caution to night-prowlers. As he wheeled by station after station on time he experienced a thrill of supreme contentment. No danger of the old man kicking about the coal now! The fireman asked how he was fixed for tobacco, and Tom passed him the box, telling him not to spare it; there was plenty more where that came from. He hoped the special would be in the switch on his arrival at Jenkinsville. She ought to, for he had the right of way; but he knew it was the president's train, and it was quite within the possibilities that that young dispatcher had "figgered" the time so close that *he* would be elected to do the side-tracking.

He passed Lewiston, a short four miles from Scomberg, "right on the dot." He eased her a bit, so as to arrive at Jenkinsville a minute or two late, and give the special ample time to get to the switch ahead of him. Hello! what was that on that road crossing at the curve ahead? He blew a long, shrill crossing signal, and watched out sharp. The moon inopportunely went behind a cloud, and he eased her a bit more. Some blame thing or another to spoil his run; just his luck! And he commenced to fume and fret.

Pooh! A flock o' sheep! He could see them now, tossing and struggling on the track. Sheep couldn't bother him none; no, sir! He jerked the throttle out again—but just then the moon emerged suddenly and flooded the scene with rich, mellow light, and he saw that what he had taken for sheep were hogs—hundreds of them. They were struggling and fighting all over the track, defying with porcine obstinacy the efforts of the drovers to drive them off.

Now, a hog—one hog—is the worst possible thing to hit. He is round and tough and greasy, and sits low on his pins. When struck he usually falls down and rolls under the engine—after that, anything may be expected from him; even derailment. So much for one hog; and here there were hundreds of them. Tom hastily reconsidered his intention to go through them flying. Almost in one motion he "horsed her over," plugged her, and gave her sand and air—and then he was among them.

The moon's fair face was scarred with packing-house products, there was a boarding-house odor of broiling chops, and the stilly night was rent with blood-curdling squealings—for Dennis is no unprotesting martyr.

The train slowed up with a jerking, jolty motion, a warning not to be disregarded. Tom got down and climbed over dead and dying hogs to inventory the damage. The pilot was gone, and the engine-truck king-bolt broken. The front truck axle was bent, and it was a wonder she stayed on the iron till she got stopped. The smoke-box door was smashed in, and three huge brutes—wounded unto death—were jammed in there and raising Cain with the exhaust pipes and diaphragm.

Tom was crawling under her to see how the machinery had fared when he was unceremoniously jerked forth by the heels. An irate drover confronted him, and demanded to know why he "ran inter my hogs?" As this delicate question was rapidly approaching the "ultimatum" point, a man, hatless, coatless, and staggering from exhaustion, stumbled in among them with a broken red lantern.

He was the operator from Scomberg. "Lap-order—special!" was all he gasped as he fell weakly among the hogs.

But it was enough. The eloquence of a Webster could not have improved it. Tom seized the drover's brawny paw and shook it gratefully, assuring him that he had brought his hogs to the very best possible market.

Train four was hours late that trip, and engine 333 had a long spell in the back shop before she was able to resume her place at the head of it. By that time there was an abundance of Pocahontas coal on hand, and her engineers learned to brag of the engine which formerly had been the recipient of their left-handed blessings.

Tom didn't have to go back on freight, nor did the old man "set his packing out" for stealing the tank of good coal. But he says that as long as he lives he will never neglect to raise his hat on meeting a member of that sturdy family whose opportune presence on the crossing that night saved his bacon—"The Great American Hog."

Corn: Its Meaning to America

By George H. Phillips

Of the Chicago Board of Trade

Mr. George H. Phillips

CORN is the great, distinctive American crop. It belongs as much to this soil as does the red man himself. From the Mexican border to the hills of Maine, from the shores of Puget Sound to the swamps of Florida, corn literally covers our country with a green and fruitful mantle. There is not a State in all the Union where Indian maize is not an important part of the commonwealth's agriculture. This can be said of no other crop. Few of the men who cultivate this "majestic, fruitful, wondrous plant," few of those who handle it commercially, few who stake fortunes on its price fluctuations, have any conception of its significance to the American people and to their prosperity. The magnitude of its acreage and volume, the universality of its distribution over the favored soil of the United States, and its adaptability to human needs, are little short of marvelous. No wonder the most eloquent and picturesque Governor Illinois ever had characterized it as "Royal corn, within whose yellow heart there is health and strength for all the nations!" The boyish dreams of Richard Oglesby were attuned to the symphony of the prairie winds making wild music among the millions of rustling corn leaves, as he plodded barefooted between the towering rows. He knew corn and realized its true value in that broad, vital sense which exceeds mere commercial limits and which inspired him to exclaim: "Standing upon the borders of this verdant sea I note a world of promise—and then, before half the year is gone, I view its full fruition and see its heaped gold await the need of man!"

The bigness of the Union's corn crop and the vital relation it bears to the prosperity of the American farmer and that of the country can only be grasped through the medium of figures, but these need be neither many nor tedious, and they should have a peculiar interest for every man whose heart is open to that which has large significance for his nation.

Draw a mental picture of a vast field of corn, 83,000,000 acres in extent, and you have a view of the consolidated cornfields of America. This is the present corn acreage. As a companion picture, let the imagination depict a mountain of corn containing two billion bushels of the beautiful yellow cereal. This is one year's harvest from the great field—simply an average annual crop! The immensity of these figures may well stagger the imagination of the ordinary matter-of-fact man and cause him to ask: "Where and how is this monster harvest used?" That the demand for corn should far exceed so prodigal a supply seems almost impossible. But the facts show that the world's call for corn is far outstripping, and in rapidly increasing ratio, this enormous output of this country's cornfields.

How this demand has grown to the point to which it has reached, what are the certainties of its future development and what it means to the American people, may be briefly suggested by a word of corn history. In all that may be said on this score, keep constantly in mind this fact: our two billion bushels a year is eighty per cent. of all the corn grown in the world! Up to 1896 we exported only three per cent. of our crop—that is to say, from 35,000,000 to 65,000,000 bushels a year. During that period the prices received by the farmer ranged from twenty cents to twenty-five cents a bushel, save as influenced by unusually short crops.

Beginning with the middle of the last decade of the last century, a marked increase in the commercial uses of corn began. The perfection of milling machinery, under the influence of American inventive genius, made possible the preparation from corn of a large variety of human foods. Cornmeal and the coarser cornbread, so popular among the colored people of the South, had, previous to that time, been the main forms in which corn was utilized as an article of diet for man. With the new machinery the Indian cereal was reduced to the fineness of flour, and immediately this product began a career of growing popularity. Dainties of various and tempting kinds were devised, and flaked hominy, cornstarch, and breakfast foods of which corn was the main foundation came into general use.

This movement has steadily progressed until, to-day, thirty large milling concerns are engaged in the manufacture of food products from corn. An authority on this subject says that this cereal is now the basis of forty-seven food and 108 commercial products. Such has been the transformation wrought by the change from the old "burr" stones of the custom mill to the modern milling machinery! To all practical purposes this change in the utilization of corn as a food has taken place within the last six years.

The Growth of Glucose Production

Meantime, from corn has grown an industry of large proportions and national importance: the manufacture of "grape sugar," or "glucose." This recent industry now consumes from 50,000,000 to 60,000,000 bushels of corn each year, or more than double the capacity of all the glucose plants in existence five years ago. How much of this new product has been paid for by foreign nations? This is an interesting question. In 1890 we exported 38,000,000 pounds of glucose worth $850,000; in 1896 the volume increased to 171,000,000 pounds worth $2,772,000; and in 1900 we sold to foreign nations 222,000,000 pounds worth $3,600,000. Meantime our exports of starch increased from $475,000 in 1890 to $2,604,000 last year. The volume of increase in the export of glucose and its products is only a fraction of the increase in the domestic use of these articles.

All of these recent developments in the demand for corn for commercial uses may be regarded, speaking by comparison, as merely incidental to the main volume of increased demand—that of the export trade of yellow cereal itself and the meats produced by its feeding. Let us look back and see what the ocean vessels carried to foreign shores from the cornfields of the United States. The exports of corn for 1891 were 31,000,000 bushels valued at $18,000,000; in 1896 we sent across the water 100,000,000 bushels worth $38,000,000; and last year we exported the splendid total of 210,000,000 bushels, which brought us $85,000,000.

Cornmeal exports increased from $947,000 in 1891 to $2,148,000 in 1900. In addition, we send abroad every year in corn-fed meats the equivalent of 300,000,000 bushels.

Though, as I have already indicated, corn is an important feature of agriculture in every State of the Union and commands a total acreage of 83,000,000, the great corn belt which supplies the commerce of the world is mainly confined to Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska. Iowa is entitled to the distinction of being crowned as the great corn State.

Not more than twenty-five per cent. of the corn raised on American fields goes, in its natural state, out of the counties in which it is grown. Here is the basis of America's supremacy in the production of meats. Practically speaking, we feed the meat eaters of the civilized world. We consume more beef, pork and mutton than any other nation, and provide vastly more of these products than does any other country. Without our magnificent corn crop this achievement would be an impossibility.

One of the most important facts to be noted in attempting an adequate estimate of the significance and the future of

American corn is this: the area suitable for corn production in this country is to-day almost wholly utilized. There can be no material enlargement of our cornfields unless the ground be taken from some other crop, and the extent to which this is possible is decidedly limited. This being the case, the only material increase over our present corn production must come from improved methods of cultivation; and here, again, we quickly encounter practical and positive limitations. The corn crop now grown is no larger than in 1889, when we passed the two-billion point for the first time. There has been no material enlargement of the corn supply in the last twelve years. On the other hand, the last five years have witnessed a tremendous increase in both the domestic and foreign demand for corn. This is convincingly shown by a few facts covering the period from 1895 to 1900. Looking back five years we see an increase in the annual (domestic) consumption for glucose amounting to 25,000,000 bushels a year, and in the export demands 113,000,000 bushels annually; the increase in the number of hogs slaughtered is 10,000,000, representing, at a low estimate, 200,000,000 bushels in pork; in cattle slaughtered the increase has been 600,000, representing 60,000,000 bushels of corn a year in beef. This makes a demand for 398,000,000 bushels a year for these four items—a splendid increase over the requirement of five years ago. Concurrent with this startling increase in the consumptive demand for corn and its products there has been, let it be remembered, no increase in the volume of production.

Our crop in 1889 was 2,112,000,000 bushels; in 1895, 2,151,000,000; and in 1900 it fell back to 2,105,000,000. These figures show 400,000,000 bushels increase in the demand for corn in the last five years, wholly apart from the increased demand for the yellow cereal as an article of human food—and this with a stationary production. All of these comparisons between supply and increasing demand take no account of the inevitable increase in population and the consequently increased consumption.

Very little acumen is required to see from this showing that we shall never again return to the old prices for corn. In my opinion, forty-cent corn will represent the minimum figure for the future. Contrast this with the fact that '96 corn was cribbed by investors in Kansas and Nebraska at ten cents to thirteen cents a bushel! Of course the country was then suffering from general and acute financial depression into which other elements entered; but it may be set down with emphasis that when the American corn crop commands its rightful figure, as it will in the future, prosperity will be far more general and the suffering entailed from financial depressions much less acute.

The farmer side of the corn question may be stated in a sentence: the farmers in the corn States of America are more prosperous, have more ready money, better homes, better farms, and enjoy more desirable social conditions than the farmers in any other agricultural belt in the world.

The Huge Comparative Value of Corn

The value of the country's corn crop in 1900 was $751,000,000 at farm prices; the total wheat crop was valued at $324,000,000, and the value of all the cereals in the United States, including wheat and excepting corn, was $585,000,000. This shows the overshadowing importance of corn to the American agriculturist as no amount of talk can show it. No country in the world has at any time produced a cereal crop of any kind equaling the corn harvest of the United States in either volume or value.

Now let us look at another phase of the corn question. On the basis of the normal production in recent years, the ten cents a bushel which has been added to the price of corn, as a tardy recognition of the rapidly changing relations between supply and demand, has added $200,000,000 to the annual income of the corn growers of America. Divided among the great corn States this sum distributes as follows: $15,000,000 to Indiana, $10,000,000 to Ohio, $30,000,000 to Iowa, $18,000,000 to Missouri and $20,000,000 each to Kansas and Nebraska. Do we need to look further than this for the real basis of the improved agricultural conditions in America during the last five years?

In spite of the fact that this great cereal crop furnishes the basis of our agricultural prosperity, and therefore of our national prosperity, and also in spite of the fact that no country would dispute our supremacy in corn production, the United States Government has never, until last year, lent itself to any effort to promote the interests of this cereal. In connection with the Paris Exposition, the Government provided for a limited opportunity to demonstrate to visitors the food value of corn products. During the Exposition more than 200,000 people secured at the "American Corn Kitchen" their first taste of corn prepared as human food. This enterprise was organized by Hon. Clark E. Carr, of Illinois, formerly United States Minister to Denmark, and Mr. B. W. Snow, the well-known corn expert. The energy and devotion with which the corn interests of the United States were promoted at the Paris Exposition were curiously evidenced by an amusing incident which attracted, perhaps, more editorial comment from the Parisian papers than did any other episode connected with the great Exposition.

The opening of the Kitchen was attended by the highest officials of the French Government, the commissioners representing other foreign Governments, and by United States Ambassador Porter. When the corn dainties were served to these distinguished guests it was found that the force of waiters provided by our Government was wholly inadequate. There was no time in which to summon outside help, and Colonel Carr, with characteristic American decision, quickly excused himself from his guests at the table, wrapped his ample form in a white apron, and with his silk tile still on his head took a position "behind the counter" and played the part of chef in serving his guests. The latter included such distinguished persons as the Danish Ambassador to France and his wife; Count and Countess Raben, of Denmark; Mr. and Mrs. Potter Palmer, and Mr. and Mrs. John Monroe, of the American Banking House in Paris. Commenting on this incident the Paris press observed that: "No person but an American would dare do a thing of this kind, and in the race for commercial supremacy no nation can hope to stand against a country whose diplomats will, in order to promote its trade possibilities, put on an apron and assume, temporarily, the rôle of waiter."

Only a short time previous to this Colonel Carr had, while attending a conference in Paris of the United States Ministers abroad, received official courtesies from the French Government. The interest aroused by the American Corn Kitchen was so great that Le Temps published an editorial urging that France send a Government commission to the United States to investigate corn production, and to see if it were not adapted to Southern France as a means of furnishing that agricultural section with a novel and satisfactory food product.

The opportunity to distribute corn literature at the Paris Exposition was unfortunately neglected to a large extent, so far as our Government was concerned. The principal work done in this direction was through the enterprise of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, which furnished thousands of copies of a careful and comprehensive statement of the corn product of the United States and its uses. Not the least attractive feature of the American Kitchen was the "Old Southern Mammy," who, in plantation garb, dispensed johnny-cake, corn-pones and hoe-cake to her delighted visitors, among whom were distinguished members of royalty. A normal school for corn cooking was conducted in connection with the Kitchen for two hours each morning before the general public was admitted. These classes were attended by chefs from the leading private families and restaurants in Paris.

So far as I am informed, the only organization existing for the purpose of promoting the interests of corn in a systematic way is the American Maize Propaganda organized by Mr. B. W. Snow and conducted without profit, purely as a voluntary missionary movement.

CALUMET "K" A Romance of the Great Wheat Corner

By Merwin-Webster

Authors of The Short Line War

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SYNOPSIS OF THE FIRST INSTALLMENT—A huge grain elevator, Calumet K, is under construction in the outskirts of Chicago, and it is found very important to finish it quickly. Bannon, a man of great ability and untiring energy, is sent to take charge of the work, and finds that there are delays and obstacles on every side and that a strike is threatened. He takes hold with a firm hand, and then goes to a Michigan town to see personally why a great lumber shipment is delayed.

THIRD CHAPTER

NEXT morning at eight o'clock Charlie Bannon walked into the office of C. H. Dennis, the manager of the Ledyard Salt and Lumber Company.

"I'm Bannon," he said, "of MacBride & Company. Come up to see why you don't get out our bill of cribbing."

"Told you by letter," retorted Dennis. "We can't get the cars."

"I know you did. That's a good thing to say in a letter. I wanted to find out how much of it really was cut."

"It's all cut and stacked by the siding; taking up half the yard. Want to see it?"

Bannon smiled and nodded. "Here's a good cigar for you," he said, "and you're a good fellow, but I think I'd like to see the cribbing."

"Oh, that's all right," laughed Dennis. "I'd have said the same thing if it wasn't cut. Come out this way."

Bannon followed him out into the yard. "There it is," said the manager.

There was no need of pointing it out. It made a pile more than three hundred feet long. It was nothing but rough hemlock, two inches thick, and from four to ten inches wide, intended to be spiked together flatwise for the walls of the bins, but its bulk was impressive. Bannon measured it with his eye and whistled. "I wish that had been down on our job ten days ago," he said presently. "I'd be taking a vacation now if it had."

"Well, it was ready then. You can tell by the color."

"What's the matter with the G. & M., anyway? They don't seem to be hauling very much. I noticed that last night when I came up. I'm no good at sleeping on the train."

"Search me," said Dennis. "They've tied us up for these two weeks. I've kicked for cars, and the old man—that's Sloan—he's kicked, but here we are yet—can't move hand or foot."

"Who's Sloan?"

"Oh, he's the whole thing. Owns the First National Bank and the trolley line, and the Ledyard Salt and Lumber Company and most of the downtown real estate."

"Where can I find him? Is he in town?"

"I guess so. He's got an office across the river. Just ask anybody where the Sloan Building is."

"Likely to be there as early as this?" asked Bannon looking at his watch.

"Sure, if he's in town."

Bannon slipped his watch into his pocket. "Much obliged," he said. "Glad to have met you. Good-morning;"

—he . . . cursed the whole G. & M. system from the ties up

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of last week.

and turning, he walked rapidly away down the plank wagon road. In Sloan's office he stated his errand as briefly as on the former occasion, adding only that he had already seen Dennis.

"I guess he told you all there is to tell," said the magnate. "We can't make the G. & M. give us cars. I've told Dennis to stir 'em up as hard as he could. I guess we'll have to wait."

"I can't wait."

"What else can you do? It's every bit as bad for us as it is for you, and you can rest assured that we'll do all we can." As if the cadence of his last sentence were not sufficiently recognizable as a formula of dismissal, he picked up a letter that lay on his desk and began reading it.

"This isn't an ordinary kick," said Bannon sharply. "It isn't just a case of us having to pay a big delay forfeit. There's a reason why our job's got to be done on time. I want to know the reason why the G. & M. won't give you cars. It ain't because they haven't got them."

"What makes you say that?"

"Because there's three big strings of empties within twenty miles of here this minute. I saw them when I came up this morning."

For a minute Sloan said nothing, only traced designs on the blotter with his pencil. Bannon saw that there was no longer any question of arousing his interest. At last he spoke.

"I've suspected that there was something in the wind, but I've been too busy with other things to tend to it, so I turned it over to Dennis. Perhaps he's done as well as I could. I don't know much about G. & M. these days. For a long time they were at me to take a big block of treasury stock, but the road seemed to me in bad shape, so I wouldn't go in. Lately they've reorganized—have got a lot of new money in there—I don't know whose, but they've let me alone. There's been no row, you understand. That ain't the reason they've tied us up, but I haven't known much about what was going on inside."

"Would they be likely to tell you if you asked? I mean if you took it to headquarters?"

"I couldn't get any more out of them than you could—that is, not by asking."

"I guess I'll go look 'em up myself. Where can I find anybody that knows anything?"

"The division offices are at Blake City. That's only about twenty miles. You could save time by talking over the 'phone."

"Not me," said Bannon. "In a case like this I couldn't express myself properly unless I saw the fellow I was talking to."

Sloan laughed. "I guess you're right. But I'll call up the division superintendent and tell him you're coming. Then you'll be sure of finding him."

Bannon shook his head. "I'd find him with his little speech all learned. No, I'll take my chances on his being there. When's the train?"

"Nine forty-six."

"That gives me fifteen minutes. Can I make it?"

"Not afoot, and you ain't likely to catch a car. I'll drive you down. I've got the fastest mare in Pottawatomie County."

The fact that the G. & M. had been rescued from its poverty and was about to be "developed" was made manifest in Blake City by the modern building which the railroad was erecting on the main street. Eventually the division officials were to be installed in office suites of mahogany veneer, with ground glass doors lettered in gold leaf. For the present, as from the beginning, they occupied an upper floor of a freight warehouse. Bannon came in about eleven o'clock, looked briefly about, and seeing that one corner was partitioned off into a private office, he ducked under the hand-rail intended to pen up ordinary visitors, and made for it. A telegraph operator just outside the door asked what his business was, but he answered merely that it was with the superintendent, and went in.

He expected rather rough work. The superintendent of a railroad, or of a division, has to do with the employees, never with the customers, and his professional manner is not likely to be distinguished by suavity. So he unconsciously squared his shoulders when he said: "I'm Bannon, of MacBride & Company."

The superintendent dismissed his stenographer, swept with his arm a clear space on the desk, and then drummed on it with his fingers, but he did not look up immediately. When he did it was with an expression of grave concern.

"Mr. Bannon," he said, "I'm mighty sorry. I'll do anything I can for you. You can smoke ten-cent cigars on me from now till Christmas, and light them with passes. Anything——"

"If you feel like that," said Bannon, "we can fix things all comfortable in three minutes. All I want is cars."

The superintendent shook his head. "There's where you stump me," he said. "I haven't got 'em."

"Mr. Superintendent, that's what they told me in Chicago, and that's what they told me at Ledyard. I didn't come up here to Blake City to be told the same thing and then go back home."

"Well, I don't know what else I can tell you. That's just the size of it. I hope we'll be able to fix you in a few days, but we can't promise anything."

Bannon frowned, and after an expectant pause the superintendent went on talking vaguely about the immense rush of traffic. Finally he asked: "Why do you think we'd hold you up if we had the cars?"

"That's what I came here to find out. I think you're mistaken about not having them."

The superintendent laughed. "You can't expect to know more about that than I do. You doubtless understand your business, but this is my business. If you can tell me where the cars are you can have them."

"Well, as you say, that's your business. But I can tell you. There's a big string of empties—I counted fourteen—on the siding at Victory."

The superintendent looked out of the window and again drummed on his desk. When he spoke again his manner was more what one would expect from a division superintendent. "You don't know anything about it. When we want advice how to run our road we'll ask you for it. Victory isn't in my division, anyway."

"Then wire the general manager. He ought to know something about it."

"Wire him yourself, if you like. I can't bother about it. I'm sorry I can't do anything, but I haven't got time."

"I haven't begun sending telegrams yet. And I haven't very much more time to fool away. I'd like to have you find out if the Ledyard Salt and Lumber Company can have those cars that are on the siding at Victory."

"All right," said the superintendent rising. At the door he turned back to ask: "When was it you saw them?"

Bannon decided to chance it. "Yesterday morning," he said.

The superintendent returned presently and, turning to his desk, resumed his work. A few minutes later the telegraph operator came in and told him that the cars at Victory had been loaded with iron truss work the night before, and had gone off down the State.

"Just too late, wasn't I?" said Bannon. "That's hard luck." He went to the window and, staring out into the yards, began tapping idly with his pencil on the glass. The office door was open, and when he paused he heard the telegraph instrument just without clicking out a message.

"Anything else I can do for you?" asked the superintendent. His good humor was returning at the sight of his visitor's perplexity.

"I wish you'd just wire the general manager once more and ask him if he can't possibly let us have those cars."

"All right," said the other cheerfully. He nodded to the operator. "For the Ledyard Salt and Lumber Company," he said.

Bannon dropped into a chair, stretched himself and yawned. "I'm sleepy," he said; "haven't had any sleep in three weeks. Lost thirty-two pounds. If you fellows had only got that cribbing down on time I'd be having a vacation——"

Another yawn interrupted him. The telegraph receiver had begun giving out the general manager's answer.

Tell-Ledyard-we-hope-to-have-cars-in-a-few-days-

The superintendent looked at Bannon, expecting him to finish his sentence, but he only yawned again.

-obey-previous-instructions.—Do-not-give-Ledyard-cars-in-any-case-

Bannon's eyes were half closed, but the superintendent thought he was turning a little toward the open doorway.

"Do you feel cold?" he asked. "I'll shut the door."

He rose quickly and started toward it but Bannon was there before him. He hesitated, his hand on the knob.

"Why don't you shut it?" snapped the superintendent.

"I think I'll—I think I'll send a telegram."

"Here's a blank, in here. Come in." But Bannon had slipped out and was standing beside the operator's table. From the doorway the superintendent saw him biting his pencil and frowning over a bit of paper. The general manager's message was still coming in.

We-don't-help-put-up-any-grain-elevator-in-Chicago-these-days.

As the last click sounded Bannon handed his message to the operator. "Send it collect," he said. With that he strode away, over the hand-rail this time, and down the stairs. The operator carried the message to the superintendent. "It seems to be for you," he said.

The superintendent read:

Div. Supt. G. & M., Blake City. Tell manager it takes better man than him to tie us up. MACBRIDE & COMPANY.

Bannon had nearly an hour to wait for the next train back to Ledyard, but it was not time wasted, for as he paced the smoky waiting-room he arrived at a fairly accurate estimate of the meaning of the general manager's message.

It was simply a confirmation of the cautious prediction he had made to Peterson the night before. Why should any one want to hinder the construction of an elevator in Chicago "these days" except to prevent its use for the formal delivery of grain which the buyer did not wish delivered? And why had Page & Company suddenly ordered a million-bushel annex? Why had they suddenly become anxious that the elevator should be ready to receive grain before January 1, unless they wished to deliver a vast amount of December wheat? Before Bannon's train came in he understood it all. A clique of speculators had decided to corner wheat, an enterprise nearly enough impossible in any case, but stark madness unless they had many millions at command. It was a long chance, of course, but, after all, not wonderful that some one in their number was a power in the reorganized G. & M.

Already the immense amount of wheat in Chicago was testing the capacity of the registered warehouses, and plainly, if the Calumet K could be delayed long enough, it might prevent Page & Company from carrying out their contract to deliver two million bushels of the grain even though it were actually in the cars in Chicago.

Bannon knew much of Page & Company; that dotted all over the vast wheat tracts of Minnesota and Montana were their little receiving elevators where they bought grain of the farmers; that miles of wheat-laden freight cars were already lumbering eastward along the railroad lines of the north. He had a touch of imagination, and something of the enormous momentum of that northern wheat took possession of him. It would come to Chicago, and he must be ready for it. It would be absurd to be balked by the refusal of a little single-track road up in Michigan to carry a pile of planks.

He paused before the grated window of the ticket and telegraph office and asked for a map. He studied it attentively for a while; then he sent a telegram.

MACBRIDE & COMPANY, Minneapolis.

G. & M. R. R. wants to tie us up. Will not furnish cars to carry our cribbing. Can't get it elsewhere inside three weeks. Find out if Page will O. K. any bill of extras I send in for bringing it down. If so, can they have one or more steam barges at Manistogee within forty-eight hours. Wire Ledyard Hotel.

C. H. BANNON.

It was an hour's ride back to Ledyard. He went to the hotel and persuaded the head waiter to give him something to eat, though it was long after the dinner hour. As he left the dining-room the clerk handed him two telegrams. One read:

Get cribbing down. Page pays the freight.

BROWN.

The other:

Steam barge Demosthenes leaves Milwaukee to-night for Manistogee.

PAGE & CO.

FOURTH CHAPTER

AS BANNON was paying for his dinner he asked the clerk what sort of a place Manistogee was. The clerk replied that he had never been there, but that he understood it was quite a lively town.

"Good road over there?"

"Pretty fair."

"That means you can get through if you're lucky."

The clerk smiled. "It won't be so bad to-day. You see we've been getting a good deal of rain. That packs down the sand. You ought to get there all right. Were you thinking of driving over?"

"That's the only way to go, is it? Well, I'll see. Maybe a little later. How far is it?"

"The farmers call it eighteen miles."

Bannon nodded his thanks and went back to Sloan's office.

"Well, it didn't take you long," said the magnate. "Find out what was the matter with 'em?"

He enjoyed his well-earned reputation for choler, and as Bannon told him what he had discovered that morning the old man paced the room in a regular beat, pausing every time he came to a certain tempting bit of blank wall to deal it a thump with his big fist. When the whole situation was made clear to him he stopped walking and cursed the whole G. & M. system from the ties up. "I'll make 'em smart for that," he said. "They haul those planks whether they want to or not. You hear me say it. There's a law that covers a case like that. I'll prosecute 'em. They'll see whether J. B. Sloan is a safe kind of man to monkey with. Why, man," he added, turning to Bannon; "why don't you get mad? You don't seem to care—no more than the angel Gabriel."

"I don't care about the G. & M. I want the cribbing."

"Don't you worry. I'll have the law on those fellows——"

"And I'd get the stuff about five years from now, when I was likely enough dead."

"What's the best way to get it according to your idea?"

"Take it over to Manistogee in wagons and then down by barges."

Sloan snorted. "You'd stand a chance to get some of it by Fourth of July that way."

"Do you want to bet on that proposition?"

Sloan made no reply. He had allowed his wrath to boil for a few minutes merely as a luxury. Now he was thinking seriously of the scheme. "It sounds like moonshine," he said at last, "but I don't know as it is. How are you going to get your barges?"

"I've got one already. It leaves Milwaukee to-night."

Sloan looked him over. "I wish you were out of a job," he said. Then abruptly he went on: "Where are your wagons coming from? You haven't got them all lined up in the yard now, have you? It'll take a lot of them."

"I know it. Well, we'll get all there are in Ledyard. There's a beginning. And the farmers around here ain't so very fond of the G. & M., are they? Don't they think the railroad discriminates against them—and ain't they right about it? I never saw a farmer yet that wouldn't grab a chance to get even with a railroad."

"That's about right, in this part of the country, anyway."

"You get up a regular circus poster saying what you think of the G. & M. and call on the farmers to hitch up and drive to your lumber yard. We'll stick that up at every cross-roads between here and Manistogee."

Sloan was scribbling on a memorandum pad before Bannon had finished speaking. He made a false start or two, but presently got something that seemed to please him. He rang for his office boy, and told him to take it to the Eagle office.

"It's got to be done in an hour," said Bannon. "That's when the procession moves," he added, as Sloan looked at him questioningly.

The other nodded. "In an hour," he said to the office boy. "What are you going to do in an hour?" he asked as the boy went out.

"Why, it'll be four o'clock then, and we ought to start for Manistogee as early as we can."

"We! Well, I should think not!" said Sloan.

"You're going to drive me over with that fast mare of yours, aren't you?"

Sloan laughed. "Look at it rain out there."

"Best thing in the world for a sand road," said Bannon. "And we'll wash, I guess. Both been wet before."

"But it's twenty-five miles over there—twenty-five to thirty."

Bannon looked at his watch. "We ought to get there by ten o'clock, I should think."

"Ten o'clock! What do you think she 'is?—a saw horse! She never took more than two hours to Manistogee"

The corners of Bannon's mouth twitched expressively Sloan laughed again. "I guess it's up to me," he said

Before they started Sloan telephoned to the Eagle office to tell them to print a full sized reproduction of his poster on the front page of the Ledyard Evening Eagle

"Crowd their news a little, won't it?" Bannon asked

Sloan shook his head. "That helps 'em out in great shape"

The Eagle did not keep them waiting The moment Sloan pulled up his impatient mare before the office door the editor ran out, bareheaded, in the rain with the posters

"They're pretty wet yet," he said.

"That's all right. I only want a handful. Send the others to my office. They know what to do with 'em."

"I was glad to print them," the editor went on. "You have expressed our opinion of the G. & M. exactly."

Bannon pulled out one of the sheets and opened it on his knee. He whistled as he read the first sentence, and swore appreciatively over the next. When he had finished he buttoned the waterproof apron and rubbed his wet hands over his knees. "It's grand!" he said. "I never saw anything like it."

Sloan spoke to the mare. He had held her back as they jolted over the worn pavement of cedar blocks, but now they had reached the city limits and were starting out upon the rain beaten sand

"Don't tell me," said Sloan, "that Michigan roads are no good for driving. You never had anything finer than this in your life." They sped along as on velvet, noiselessly save when their wheels sliced through standing pools of water

"She can keep this up till further notice, I suppose," said Bannon Sloan nodded.

Soon they reached the first crossroad. There was a general store at one corner, and, opposite, a blacksmith's shop. Sloan pulled up and Bannon sprang out with a hammer, a mouthful of tacks and three or four of the posters He put them up on the sheltered side of conspicuous trees, left one with the storekeeper and another with the smith Then they drove on

They made no pretense at conversation. Bannon seemed asleep save that he was always ready with his hammer and his posters whenever Sloan halted the mare. The west wind freshened as the evening came on and dashed fine, sleety rain into their faces.

It had been dark for half an hour—Bannon could hardly distinguish the moving figure of the mare—when Sloan spoke to her and drew her to a walk. Bannon reached for his hammer. "No crossroad here," said Sloan "Bridge out of repair We've got to fetch a circle here up to where she can wade it."

"Hold on," said Bannon. "Let me get out."

"Don't be scared. We'll make it all right."

"We! Yes, but will fifteen hundred feet of lumber make it? I want to take a look."

He splashed forward in the dark but soon returned "It's nothing that can't be fixed in two hours Where's the nearest farmhouse?"

"Fifty rods up the road to your right."

Again Bannon disappeared Presently Sloan heard the deep challenge of a big dog. He backed the buggy around up against the wind so that he could have shelter while he waited. Then he pulled a spare blanket from under the seat and threw it over the mare. At the end of twenty minutes he saw a lantern bobbing toward him

The big farmer who accompanied Bannon held the lantern high and looked over the mare. "It's her, all right," he said. Then he turned so that the light shone full in Sloan's face. "Good-evening, Mr. Sloan," he said. "You'll excuse me, but is what this gentleman tells me all straight?"

"Guess it is," Sloan smiled. "I'd bank on him myself"

The farmer nodded with satisfaction. "All right, then, Mr What's-your-name. I'll have it done for you."

Sloan asked no questions until they had forded the stream and were back on the road. Then he inquired: "What's he going to do?"

"Mend the bridge. I told him it had to be done to-night Said he couldn't. Hadn't any lumber. Couldn't think of it. I told him to pull down the lee side of his house if necessary; said you'd give him lumber to build an annex."

"What!"

"Oh, it's all right. Send the bill to MacBride. I knew your name would go down and mine wouldn't."

The delay had proved costly and it was half-past seven before they reached the Manistogee hotel

"Now," said Bannon, "we'll have time to rub down the mare and feed her before I'm ready to go back

Sloan stared at him for a moment in unfeigned amazement Then slowly he shook his head. "All right; I'm no quitter. But I'm glad you ain't coming to Ledyard to live."

Bannon left the supper-table before Sloan had finished, and was gone nearly an hour. "It's all fixed up," he said when he returned. "I've cinched the wharf."

They started back as they had come, in silence, Bannon dozing. But he roused when the mare, of her own accord left the road at the detour for the ford

"You don't need to do that," he said. "The bridge is fixed" So they drove straight across, the mare feeling her way cautiously over the new-laid planks

How did you get hold of that message from the general manager?" asked Sloan abruptly

He put them up on the sheltered side of conspicuous trees

"Heard it. I can read Morse signals like print. Used to work for the Grand Trunk."

"What doing?

"Boss of a wrecking gang." Bannon paused. Presently he went on.

"Yes, there was two years when I slept with my boots on. Didn't know a quiet minute. Never could tell what I was going to get up against. I never saw two wrecks that were anything alike. There was a junction about fifty miles down the road where they used to have collisions regular; but they were all different. I couldn't figure out what I was going to do till I was on the ground, and then I didn't have time to. My only order was: 'Clear the road—and be quick about it.' What I said went. I've set fire to fifty thousand dollars' worth of mixed freight just to get it out of the way—and they never kicked That ain't the kind of life for me, though. No, nor this ain't, either. I want to be quiet. I've never had a chance yet, and I've been looking for it ever since I was twelve years old I'd like to get a little farm and live on it all by myself. I'd raise garden truck, cabbages and such, and I'd take piano lessons."

"Is that why you quit the Grand Trunk? So that you could take piano lessons?" Sloan laughed as he asked the question, but Bannon replied seriously:

"Why, not exactly. There was a little friction between me and the master mechanic, so I resigned. I didn't exactly resign, either," he added a moment later. "I wired the superintendent to go to h—l. It came to the same thing."

"I worked for a railroad once myself," said Sloan. "Was a hostler in the roundhouse at Syracuse, New York. I never worked up any higher than that. I had ambitions to be promoted to the presidency, but it didn't seem very likely, so I gave it up and came West"

"You made a good thing of it You seem to own most all Pottawatomie County."

"Pretty much."

"I wish you would tell me how to do it. I have worked like an all-the-year-round blast furnace ever since I could creep, and never slighted a job yet, but here I am—can't call my soul my own. I have saved fifteen thousand dollars, but that ain't enough to stop with I don't see why I don't own a county, too."

"You've got a chance this minute to turn your fifteen thousand to fifty, maybe a lot more."

"I'm afraid I'm too thick headed to see it"

"Why, what you found out this morning was the straightest kind of a straight tip on the wheat market for the next two months. A big elevator like yours will be almost decisive. The thing's right in your own hands If Page & Company can't make that delivery, why, fellows who buy wheat now are going to make money."

"I see," said Bannon quickly. "All I'd have to do would be to buy all the wheat I could get trusted for and then hold back the job a little And while I was at it I might just as well make a clean job and walk off with the pay-roll." He laughed "I'd look pretty, wouldn't I, going to old MacBride with my tail between my legs, telling him that the job was too much for me and I couldn't get it done on time. He'd look me over and say: 'Bannon, you're a liar. You've never had to lay down yet and you don't now Go back and get that job done on time or I'll shoot you.'

"You don't want to get rich, that's the trouble with you," said Sloan, and he said it almost enviously

Bannon rode to Manistogee on the first wagon The barge was there, so the work of loading the cribbing into her began at once. There were interruptions at first, but later in the day the stream of wagons became almost continuous

Sloan disappeared early in the morning, but at five o'clock Bannon had a telephone message from him "I'm here at Blake City," he said, "raising h—l. The general manager gets here at nine o'clock to-night to talk with me I have a feeling nervous about your getting that message I think you'd better come up here and talk to him."

So a little after nine that night the three men, Sloan, Bannon and the manager, sat down to talk it over. And the fact that in the first place an attempt to boycott could be proved, and in the second that Page & Company were getting what they wanted anyway, finally convinced the manager that the time had come to yield as gracefully as possible

"He means it this time," said Sloan, when he and Bannon were left alone at the Blake City hotel to talk things over

"Yes; I think he does. If he don't I'll come up here again and have a short session with him."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Commercial Conspiracies Against America

IF AMERICANS were easily frightened they would rarely be able to sleep o' nights. One dire threat, sometimes "semi-official," but more often the vaporing of some irresponsible publicist or editor, follows another. These threats took a definite form three years ago when Count Goluchowski, the Austrian Minister of Foreign Affairs, issued a call for a commercial war upon America. "The European nations," he declared, "must close their ranks in order successfully to defend their existence"—against the spectre of American competition. President Ritchie, of the British Board of Trade, soon afterward voiced English alarm at the increasing tide of American exports to Europe. Violent members of European parliaments (notably that of Germany) kept the ball rolling until the cry of M. Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, the celebrated French economist, was heard at Vienna last December, urging the formation of an anti-American economic federation which would be comprehensive enough to check the competition of our exporters. Still more recently Admiral Canevaro, speaking for Italy at the Toulon fêtes in April, referred to the successful working of the Dual and Triple Alliances, and suggested the necessity of a similar combination of Powers against America. This speech was taken as a text by the London Spectator, which, in a perfervid article, warned the people of the United States that the dread and hate with which America was viewed in Europe must soon or late take tangible form. Competition with us being out of the question, we are advised to increase our fleets and prepare for trouble.

"They (we) may rely upon it that the Continent will lose nothing by want of planning, and that when the alliance against America, of which Admiral Canevaro talks, is transmuted into facts, it will be full-grown and full-armed."

As to the prospect of an armed conflict between Europe and the United States, it may be observed that no one considers the possibility of Great Britain being included in the coalition against us. That, it seems to be taken for granted, is out of the question; and the difficulty which Continental Europe has in agreeing upon the simplest matters of international import, besides the improbability of all or of a majority of the five important Continental nations being willing to risk a war with the United States, is sufficient ground upon which to dismiss the threat of a warlike alliance against America.

The threat of a commercial alliance may be complacently regarded for the same and other reasons. The idea that the flood of American exports can be checked by a tariff wall, however long and high, is as chimerical as Canute's attempt to stem the tide of the ocean. If it were merely a question whether Europe should consume her own products, natural and manufactured, or consume our products, the plans of the anti-American coalitionists might be carried through. But there is no such alternative. Some of our manufactures, perhaps quite all of them, are bought abroad because they are cheaper and better than their own manufactures. This is enough to give us an immense advantage, and one that is not likely to be overcome by artificial barriers. But whatever might be the result of a tariff coalition against us in checking the export of manufactures, the export of our natural or farm products (oil, meats, tobacco, lumber, for example) cannot be checked by any known means. In a word, our great advantage lies in the fact that, generally speaking, we sell necessities to Europe while we buy luxuries from her. We can get along without her luxuries, but she cannot exist without our wheat and other food stuffs.

It hardly requires argument to prove that we are in an enviable position if it comes to a commercial war between united Europe and the United States. Europe cannot afford to shut out American products. Besides the actual need of our exports, it is to be considered that if our competition were removed from European markets, prices would rise to such an extent that millions would go scantily clothed and poorly fed. It is plain that in the proposed war Europe would have the losing end. When high prices and scant supplies had begun to cause want and discomfort, there would rise such a storm of protest that the war would come to a sudden end, never to be revived by ministries not seeking destruction.

We may, I think, for these reasons, regard with complacency the frequent threats of combinations against us. Offensive combinations are utterly improbable; defensive combinations are impossible. —D. T. PIERCE.

It is such a big world that nobody ought to be unhappy in any part of it.

Preserving Places of Historic Interest

SOCIETIES are multiplying in the older East (and why not in those still older parts of the West?) that have in view the preservation of places of historic interest. For the hand of the spoiler is on the land, and one hears with grief of the destruction of famous old houses where the value of the real estate thus cleared barely pays the contractor for carting off the bricks. If a building becomes so old as to be dangerous, sentiment will not and should not stand in the way of its removal, but in many instances the houses and churches were put up in the good old days when the jerry builder had no standing, and when homes were not for their makers alone, but their children and the children of their children. In all such instances a little money for repair would probably put the place into something very near its original soundness and attractiveness.

We should be able to read history more clearly if we kept about us more of the actualities that have had to do with history. An old house tells more to us, in a glance, of the state of the arts and industries of the time it marks, of the social condition of the people who made it, of their relations to the soil, than we could gain in some kinds of reading. Nor has our architecture so determined itself that the study of these old houses has ceased to be a gain to us. Indeed, the Colonial renascence, which is especially fitting to an American environment, and which contributes plentifully to the charm of many of our towns, would have been deferred indefinitely, and would, indeed, have been impossible, had it not been for opportunities for the study of dignified forms of construction offered by halls and residences in parts of New England and the Middle States.

Apart from these more scholastic or material advantages, there is reason enough for preserving the old buildings that have historic interest, and for keeping the squatter out of our famous battlefields. For they appeal to patriotism, and they have a part in maintaining the traditions which encourage the best tendencies of the people. Who does not realize the personality of George Washington more keenly after he has wandered through the quaint rooms of Mount Vernon, and roamed about its perfumed gardens? And who, thus realizing, does not feel a new admiration for the founder of the nation? Who but a clod is not thrilled on his first visit to that room in Philadelphia, so big with meaning for the future of the country and the world, or to the white hall of Faneuil, or to the taverns and monuments lining that road to Concord which was dim with the dust of trampling thousands one April morning, and wet with patriot blood?

National feeling always rises to emergencies in our country, yet the presence of our monuments tends to keep it alive through periods of peace, and the memorials of men who were strong and resolute in courage and virtue, who sacrificed self on the altar of a common good, who held their country highest in their love, are reminders that there is always place for their successors, not alone in the nation's councils but in the hearts of its people. The vandal who destroys that which is held sacred destroys more than material forms. We need every reminder, not alone for our own contemplation, but for that of our descendants and that of the millions who are crossing the seas to find homes among us, that in this land one may be not merely free, but noble, and that the reward of a people is his who shall be worthy of its love. —CHARLES M. SKINNER.

Hard work in the present means few regrets in the future.

The Climax of National Credit

A FEW years ago the credit of the United States was good, but not remarkable. Some European financiers professed to doubt it. Even at home there were people who said that they were uncertain. We were borrowing money nominally at four and five per cent., and actually at between three and four per cent. When somebody suggested at that time that United States bonds were really as good as British consols, an English paper resented the suggestion as an "insult."

To-day the verdict of the market is that the credit of the United States is not only good, but the best in the world, and not only the best, but so incomparably the best that, as in the first America's Cup race, there is no second. British consols returning their purchasers four and three-fourths per cent. interest the first year, two and three-fourths per cent. the second, and two and one-half per cent. annually for twenty years thereafter have just sold at ninety-four and one-half. United States two per cents. are selling at 106½. German imperial three per cents. have been going in Frankfort at eighty-six, and French three per cents. in Paris at 101. Russian four per cents. have been offered at par, and United States four per cents. of 1925 have brought 140.

The market's judgment of the comparative merits of national securities is based on very good reasons. United States bonds have a special value as a basis for bank issues, but private investors find them attractive, too. If all other conditions were absolutely equal they would be better than British consols, for they offer an assured income without any deductions whatever, while the British Government promises to pay a certain rate of interest, and then keeps back as much as it chooses under the name of income tax. It chooses to hold out six per cent. this year—next year it may keep ten per cent., or a quarter or a half.

But the other conditions are not equal. The United States carries by far the lightest burden of debt that is borne by any great nation in the world. When people in Europe look in statistical almanacs they are deceived by the statement that the national debt of the United States is over two thousand million dollars. Even that would be considered small in Europe, but, as a matter of fact, it is more than twice as much as we really owe. Our actual national debt in the European sense is less than one thousand million dollars. All the rest is represented by non-interest-bearing bonds and certificates of deposit for which we hold practically dollar for dollar of cash in the Treasury. The bonded debt of Great Britain was about three billion two hundred million dollars a year ago, and is over three billion five hundred million dollars now. The debt of France is about six billions, and that of Russia over three billion five hundred millions. The other European nations are proportionately loaded; yet the United States could easily afford to carry a heavier debt than any of them.

If we manage our affairs with reasonable prudence we shall be substantially out of debt within ten years. Then we shall present the annoying spectacle of a nation with perfect credit and no need for it, while the countries that want the credit will not have it. —SAMUEL E. MOFFETT

If every man could be his own boss and the boss of others there would be enough anarchy in the world to upset all the civilization of the centuries.

The Golden Mean of Fashion

IN SPITE of Carlyle's labors in his Sartor Resartus, the philosophy of clothes is still in a chaotic condition, awaiting the advent of a master mind to bring order out of the chaos. The world is divided between those who embrace and follow every novelty of fashion with gusto, those who are passively dragged along by the changes which fashion demands, and those who resist fashion in the interests of simplicity or of religious principle.

There is much to be said for fashion as saving us from monotony and a dead uniformity. In clothes especially we must beware lest one good custom should corrupt the world. And so long as fashion acts with a decent regard for beauty of color and form, and the demands for usefulness, there is not much to be said against it. It ceases to command our respect, and it also ceases to deserve to exist, when the search for mere novelty makes its inventors indifferent to æsthetic or moral considerations, and also when the love of ostentation in the display of fine clothes and costly jewelry replaces the love of beauty.

The demand for simplicity and monotony as an antidote to the follies of fashion has been made in all ages, notably by the Society of Friends. The original Quaker dress was not invented by George Fox and his associates; it was simply the usual dress of the common people of England at the middle of the seventeenth century. The Friends merely refused to change with the changes of fashion, especially those which came in with the Restoration of 1660. Yet they also yielded to fashion in that century and every subsequent one. They denounced, and with reason, the fashion of wearing wigs in place of the natural hair. Yet George Fox and others of the Friends, at the instance of William Penn, it is said, adopted the "scratch" wig before the close of the century. During the nineteenth century the changes in the dress of women Friends were especially notable. Drab was not commonly worn at the opening of the century. White, green and other "natural colors" were in common use, but have been replaced by drab by insensible degrees, and drab, in its turn, is disappearing. So complete have been the transformations since 1650, that a primitive Friend appearing in the gallery of the most conservative Meeting would be regarded with painful surprise.

The Maker of our world does not seem to be of one mind with those who regard simplicity, in the sense of a colorless and almost shapeless monotony, as a desirable thing. He has clothed the flowers of the field and the birds of the air after a very different fashion. Variety, color, beautiful form seem to be objects He has sought in the creation, no less than use. And when He set man to clothe himself, it is to be presumed that He meant that this should be done in harmony with the methods taken in the clothing of the animate and inanimate world. The craze for change and the eagerness for ostentation are not sanctioned by Nature; but the desire for beauty and variety is in harmony with the spirit which pervades the world's life. —ROBERT ELLIS THOMPSON.

Celebrities Under the Camera

Mr. J. Marion Crawford

Miss Ben-Yûsuf

By Zaida Ben-Yûsuf

Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson

APPARENTLY the people who have made their mark in the world are nearly always persons of strong individuality and while their smallest actions are interesting because they are public characters, we find them also interesting because they have their own special way of doing things. Even the negative qualities, which seem the chief characteristic of such a man as Admiral Sampson, are intensely so because they make him different.

It was while affairs in Cuba were still a very uncertain quantity that I was asked one day in February of 1898 to go out to the New York, then lying at anchor off Tompkinsville, to photograph the Admiral. It was necessary to go at once, as the ship was ordered to leave for Havana in two days. It was frightfully cold, and we had had such severe storms that the tides were unusually high or correspondingly low. The cold was worse than ever on the day which had been selected. A young friend volunteered to be my assistant for the privilege of going on such an errand. So off we started, and it took a whole hour to get from the Battery to Staten Island. Captain Chadwick had some one at the station to meet me; in fact, his courtesy was delightful from beginning to end

After a short time, which was consumed in preparing my camera and draping some dark blue flags on the white cabin walls, a quiet little man, in civilian's clothes, who made one think of a gray mouse with beautiful eyes, came through the room, and a moment later an orderly reported that the Admiral's flag was hoisted. Soon the fine-eyed man reappeared in uniform and though he was perfectly amiable he was absolutely quiet—didn't say a word. I told him where to sit and how to turn his head and he did it without the slightest evidence of self-consciousness. This curiously impassive manner makes his presence almost unfelt. It is quite different from the lionlike strength expressed by General Wood's quietness.

Before we left, Captain Chadwick announced that luncheon would be served, and as we were the Admiral's guests his little Japanese had charge of the service. It was all beautifully prepared, of course. We had cold meat and tea. Then for home! but the getting there! While I had been on board the tide had gone out so far out because of the storm, that for three-quarters of an hour that cutter cruised about the desert shores of Staten Island, in fifteen degrees below zero, trying to make a landing. Finally I decided to go back to the ship until the tide should rise. As we came alongside some officers were preparing to leave, and they told me they were going to bring Mrs. Sampson on board, that they were sure they would succeed in making a landing, and that when she got on I could get off. It seemed reasonable. So they brought along some extra sailors, a ladder and some shovels. More cruising about and more ice and wind. Presently the cutter pulled in under some piers and we arrived upon dry land, which was promptly snow. The sailors then cut a pathway across a vacant lot, until we came to a wall, against which they set the ladder and the men cut away the snow on the other side so that we could each, in our own little artless way, arrive safely at the second stage of our journey.

Of course one doesn't have such adventures very often, and it's rather fortunate, for to concentrate one's thoughts in an effort to understand properly the personality of an entire stranger in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes is often very fatiguing, and its effects are sometimes very curious.

There have been occasions when something, unexplainable, in my sitter has affected me so that after he had gone I had to have quite a nice, good cry, and felt rather like a cat with its fur rubbed the wrong way. A few have made me feel the other extreme of exhilaration. Sometimes I find myself so fatigued, mentally and physically, that I am unable to do anything else for some hours. When I try to analyze this it seems to me that it is particularly with men that these mental qualities are appealed to. With women the question of gown and effective pose almost obliterates the other part.

Mr. Anthony Hope

Mr. W. D. Howells

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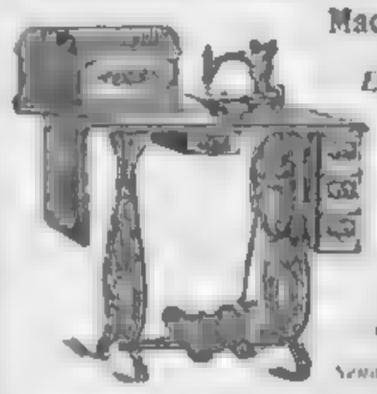

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Mr. Hawkins (Anthony Hope) has a most soothing, delightful effect on one. He is so absolutely modest and unassuming that you can't forget who he is for sheer delight at finding him so entirely lacking in that self conscious manner we find in so many other writers.

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne I am afraid I can hardly give a fair impression of, as during my short acquaintance with him (he only visited the studio about four times) he was in a mood with which it was difficult to feel in harmony. For professional reasons I went to one of his matinée readings, and took with me a friend who is very jolly and always manages to see the funny side of things. She has an almost wicked faculty of discovering one's little weaknesses. We had been there only a few minutes before she made me watch for something that was repeated at regular intervals; and whether it was only our imagination or not, once you began you couldn't stop seeing it. Mr. Le Gallienne has long, delicate, white hands, and as he stood there on the stage, in the conventional attitude, beside a table with a most fearful and wonderful chenille cover, one hand holding a book, the other hanging straight down, you could see this one gradually getting quite red and the veins filling so that it was no longer pretty. Possibly he saw it too. So every little while he would raise it so that the fingers pointed skyward, until the hand was quite lovely again, and then back it would go to its proper position, hanging at his side.

Mr. Jacob Riis is well known for his impulsive manner and enthusiasm over a subject that pleases him. It happened that he was visiting my studio one afternoon when a messenger came to say that I might expect General Wood the following morning. I made some comment on it to Mr. Riis. "Give him my love," he said in his hearty way, then he stopped and smiled at himself. "Yes," he said, "I do mean that; just give him my love. Why, I haven't seen Wood since before the war, when we three in ——." Then he grew reminiscent.

Soon after this I heard a story about him, which I shall tell as I heard it, but cannot vouch for its accuracy. It seems that for months, even years, Mr. Riis had been trying to get a certain spot in the Mulberry Bend district turned into a park for the poor people of that vicinity, and when he finally succeeded in accomplishing this he was so pleased that the day it was opened he went in and just rolled on the grass with delight.

Then, along came a policeman, who considered it his duty to hale Mr. Riis off to the station house, and the more he protested the worse it was. Strange to say, the policeman did not know him, but on the way they met some one who did, and the disorderly Mr. Riis was kindly allowed to go free.

Mr. Roosevelt Thought of Army Beef

I was asked to go to Albany to photograph Governor Roosevelt, and on my arrival was met by some one who was to take me direct to his private office. I found him one of the most nervous subjects I had ever had. His face seemed to get tied up in knots when he tried to look pleasant, and the result was so funny that we all laughed, and decided that he had better be serious.

"I'll imagine I am discussing embalmed beef," he said with great emphasis on the last two words (this was in March of 1899), as his teeth clicked together. The results were not much better than when he tried to smile. By this time I had used my fourth plate and I began to feel a little desperate, as I felt all thought of who my sitter was got quite lost. He looked to me to create a difficult situation. It happened in a very unexpected way, for he suddenly said, with an unseen twinkle in his eyes:

"Miss Ben-Yûsuf, you evidently have the military instinct." I absently asked him, "Why?" for my mind was entirely on my work, and when he said, "Because you give such decisive orders," it occurred to me that I had told him to "brace up" or something equally dreadful.

However, it had the result we needed, and the last plate was entirely successful. It was a splendid likeness, and I never could understand why he did not like it. I made other photographs, but left it to Mr. Roosevelt to choose. We both protested that the public would naturally expect to see a portrait of him in that position. With his hands in his pockets, and his eyes screwed up in that quizzical manner he has, he said:

"W-e-l-l, Miss Ben-Yûsuf" (very slowly and deliberately), "I think it's a very good plan *not* to give the public what they expect. We won't take a photograph of the desk." Later he sent me a very cordial note after receiving the prints.

The only occasion on which I remember experiencing the contempt of man for the capability of mere woman was when Mr. Augustin Daly ordered his entire company to come to me to be photographed. Among them came Mr. James Powers, with lofty scorn for the whole business. With his hands in the pockets of a big coat and all the haughtiness which five feet two inches is capable, he looked down at me (I was sitting in a low, easy chair) and inquired if I "knew how to photograph a black-face make-up." Mr. Daly had asked me to use my own judgment in the selection of poses, etc., so I made what arrangements I thought were desirable, and my ability to photograph a black-face comedian still remains a mystery. Mr. Powers was quite cross for about five minutes.

The Strong Influence of Mr. Daly

Mr. Daly was one of the most interesting men I have known. Of course, I met him under very favorable circumstances, but I saw him often enough to understand a little of the influence he had over every one who knew him. Even the stray chorus people engaged from season to season came under its spell. He might keep them working for sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, for days at a time, but their loyalty never wavered. I know it for I have heard them talking together under circumstances where one would be likely to hear the truth. He was so often spoken of, and even criticised, in the papers for his severity as a manager that outsiders hardly realize the positive affection in which he was held by the members of his companies. Yet he seemed to show more consideration for the humblest people about the theatre than he did for his chief assistants. An interesting thing was his pleasure over any trifle that pleased him, it was almost childlike, if it hadn't been so much that of the critic. One of the times I saw him look happiest was when I told him that Miss Rehan, in the third act of the Merchant of Venice, reminded me of an old engraving of Mrs. Siddons. It was while Miss Rehan was at the studio to be photographed, and when she came out of the dressing-room he repeated to her what I had said. He was very much interested in what I was doing, and moved furniture about and helped arrange backgrounds. I believe he even sat beside me on the floor, once, to look for an effect I was trying to get.

Knowing as we all do, his love for artistic things, I never could understand how a man who filled his rooms with so many beautiful and expensive objects could endure such a dreadful tombstone of a fireplace as he had in his office. He always had a fire burning there on cool days, but even that could not disguise its marble hideousness.

Of Mr. Ernest Seton-Thompson there is hardly anything to tell because I saw him only on the occasion that he came to be taken. In the photograph of him which we like best he has a drawing board before him; and evidently he could not resist the paper and pencil. I left him for a few minutes while I went to attend to my plate-holders, and when I returned he had drawn a most amusing sketch of a nice comfortable pig, with its head on one side, and just that suggestion of humanity about it that it takes Mr. Thompson to give. Of course I kept it.

Mr. Marion Crawford is so tall and big that he upset all my previous calculations as to where my camera would be. Mr. Howells, on the contrary, is much more slender than his portraits would lead one to suppose; when I first saw him I made up my mind that I would try to make his new one different in this regard; but I found that, after all, like the picture Mr. Howells has used for so many years, I had to allow mine also to give the same impression.

He made me a little unhappy by selecting the print I liked least at all. It was the first negative of a back recently posed. In fact I only drew it to prove how true it was that I needed another sitting. He very kindly gave me a dozen or so, and I got a picture which I like much better, and which he gave me permission to use with this article.

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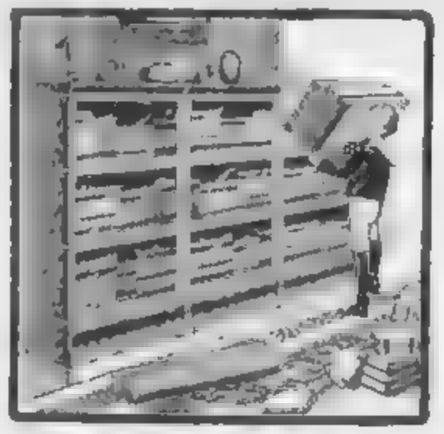
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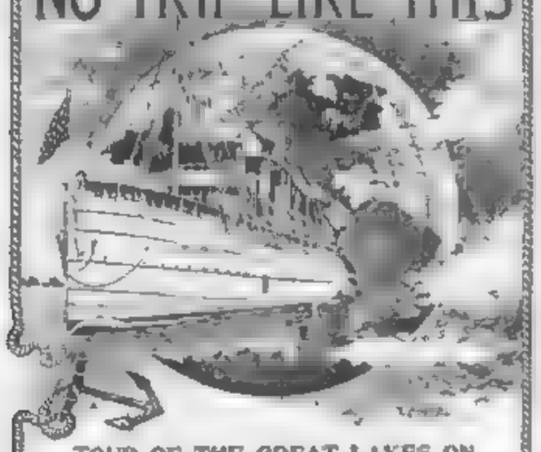

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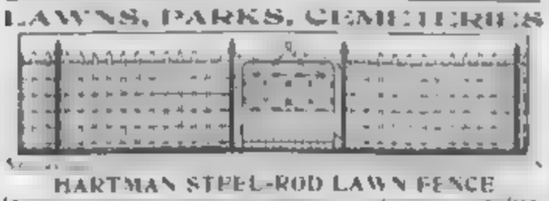

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Men & Women of the Hour

Mr. Dawes' Important Engagement

A few days ago a gentleman called at the office of Mr. Charles G. Dawes, Comptroller of the Currency, at Washington, and found him eating a hurried luncheon in his office; an unusual occurrence, as it is his delight to take an open-air stroll shortly after noon and eat his luncheon with a friend or two at a near-by café. The gentleman began talking business, but the Comptroller seemed preoccupied, and kept glancing at the clock and looking out of the window. Finally, turning to his messenger, he said

"Francis, tell those people that I will be with them in a few moments."

Then Mr. Dawes said to his visitor: "I shall have to ask you either to hasten your business or to come back to-morrow as I have a very important engagement this afternoon."

The caller's affairs were easily disposed of, and Mr. Dawes, grasping his hat, hastened out of the office, after making another apology for his abrupt departure

Curious to see what had been drawing the Comptroller's eyes to the window, the visitor looked out, and there on the broad pavement in front of the western entrance to the Treasury building were ranged a squad of newsboys, black and white, whom Francis, the messenger, was endeavoring to bring into something like an orderly line. The little fellows sent up a shrill cry of welcome as they saw Mr. Dawes coming down the Treasury steps.

"Get in line there, you fellows!" said the big Treasury official. "Hurry up or we'll be late!"

And off they started, around the Treasury building, to a street car on which was a placard announcing, "This car for the Wild West show." This was the "important engagement" pleaded by Comptroller Dawes—to make happy a dozen or more little fellows who had only dreamed of seeing the wonders of the Wild West show

A day or two before the coming of the show Mr. Dawes had instructed his messenger to tell the newsboys and bootblacks about the Treasury building, with whom he had made friends since coming to Washington, to be on hand at a certain hour on the day of the show and he would take them to see it. All the boys were there promptly, including "Honorable Ethan Allen White," a little bow-legged mite of a negro, who fights his way every evening to be the first to offer Mr Dawes a paper

"What is your name?" asked the Comptroller the first time this little fellow hailed him with the Washington newsboy's cry

"Hain't got no name, mistah. Ahm just nigger."

"Oh, you must have a name," said the Comptroller. "Let's see; I guess we'll call you 'Honorable Ethan Allen White.' How will that do?"

"I 'ust rate, boss," grinned the darky; and the imposing title sticks to him.

It was a merry party that went out to the show that afternoon. When Mr. Dawes went up to the ticket window some one whispered to the ticket seller that this was a prominent Government official to whom it would be well to show attention

"How many tickets, Mr. Dawes?" said the urbane attendant

"Fifteen."

"All right, sir. Pass right along, Mr Dawes. Our ushers will take good care of you and your family."

Mr. Dawes and "family" were given good seats and the wild delight of the street waifs over the performance and their enjoyment of a limitless supply of peanuts made the Comptroller feel fully repaid

A Muscular Musician

Mr. Clarence Lucas, now resident in London, is said to be the first Canadian writer of orchestral compositions to receive a public hearing. Two of his overtures, Othello and As You Like It, have been given in London, and a third, Macbeth, was recently played under Mr. Theodore Thomas' direction in Chicago.

Like the majority of composers, Mr. Lucas prizes quiet as above all price, and he holds the street piano to be an enemy to inspiration. After clearing the neighborhood of his home in St. John's Wood of such visitants, a champion of the brotherhood appeared one day to have it out with the composer. He settled himself in front of the musician's window and played. Coin and arguments were useless. He had come to stay. The musician in the street was an athlete, so is the Canadian. A test of strength followed. At its conclusion the visiting musician withdrew

Feeling that the street piano man had provoked the assault, Mr. Lucas went to a neighboring magistrate and explained what he had done. The magistrate, seizing the humor of the situation, grinned and said that he was glad when musical gentlemen helped to keep the peace

Professor Johnson's Golden Rule

Professor Elias F. Johnson, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the Philippines, has for several years been a member of the faculty of the Law Department of the University of Michigan. He was born in Ohio a little over forty years ago and secured his education by hard and unremitting work. He graduated at the Ohio State University and a few years afterward was elected as a member of the State Legislature. In 1888, at the conclusion of his term of office, he determined to study law, and entered the law college of the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor

After his graduation and the securing of a degree he remained at Ann Arbor as Secretary and Assistant Professor, and in a year or two he secured a full professorship

A short time before Professor Johnson left for the Philippines a well-known Michigan lawyer was discussing with him his prospective duties in those Pacific islands. The conversation naturally drifted into a discussion of the difficult question of how to reconcile the Spanish Civil Law with the English Common Law, which is the basis of the law of the United States.

At length his friend said: "Well, Professor, you will soon have to face the question practically: how do you think you will solve it?"

"Well," Professor Johnson replied, "the problem has really troubled me a great deal, and I have even feared that it could not satisfactorily be solved, and that we should have to do away entirely with either one or the other of the systems

"But I think I really have the solution at last, and it is simply this: Whatever is right, is right, whether it be for Americans or Spaniards, and honesty is the same thing in Luzon that it is in the United States. I have no doubt that, by following this principle, minor points that arise can safely be left to take care of themselves."

A Song-Writing Prince

Prince Duleep Singh, by right of succession entitled to the throne of the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, is a song composer of more than ordinary merit. He inherits the talent from his father, who left among his papers the manuscript of an opera which Prince Duleep Singh has declared his intention of having scored for orchestra and presented at Covent Garden, London

The Prince, who leads the life of an English country gentleman at Hockwold Hall, Norfolk, and who is captain in a volunteer regiment, was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and married, some three years ago, the youngest daughter of the Earl of Coventry

His annual pension from the British Government is £50,000 (about two hundred and fifty thousand dollars). He belongs to several fashionable clubs, and for two years was honorary aide-de-camp to Lieutenant-General Ross, when that officer was in command at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

The famous Kohinoor diamond, now one of the English crown jewels, was the property of his grandfather, Runjeet Singh. This extraordinary personage, whose sole legacy from his father was a troop of cavalry, acquired the vast territory bounded by the Indus and the Sutlej, and became owner of Cashmere to the snowy range and beyond His treasure in cash, jewels, horses and elephants was estimated at fifty million dollars.

Prince Duleep Singh, frank and democratic in manner, is a musical enthusiast and travels up to London for every concert of importance. During the past winter he has been engaged on another volume of songs, now nearly completed. There is nothing of the Oriental in his music, which savors rather of the French school.

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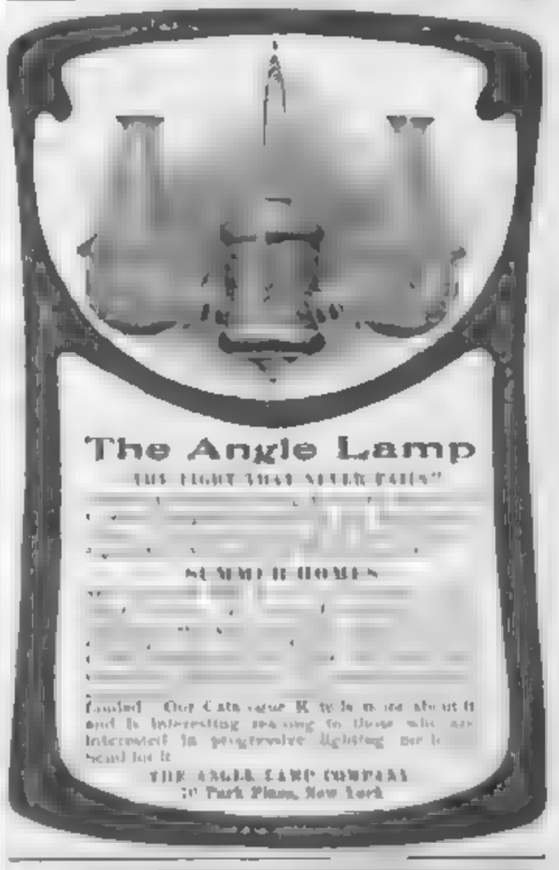

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The Use of Wit, Humor and Anecdote in Public Speech

(Concluded from Page 5)

large numbers to hear him when he comes back to his old home to speak. Once in a while, however, he presumes too much upon their personal affection, and nothing except his readiness at repartee saves him from serious trouble.

For example, when he was a candidate for reelection to Congress, he was making a speech in which he was imputing to the Democrats all the sins denounced in the Decalogue and a great many which are not mentioned in that comprehensive document, when an irascible Democratic veteran exclaimed: "Shut up! You were never elected to Congress in the first place!" Dyer looked at him a moment in a quizzical sort of way and replied: "Well, my old friend, any blamed fool can serve in Congress who is elected, but it takes an unusually smart one to serve there who was never elected!" A happy shot which restored the *entente cordiale* betwixt the Colonel and his Democratic auditors.

Allen V. Cockrell, a brilliant Washington litterateur, gives this felicitous account of how ex-Senator Edward O. Wolcott, of Colorado, once rescued himself from a ticklish position by a happy use of wit: "During his twelve years of Senatorial service the Coloradoan has won for himself the honor of being the most eloquent Republican in the Senate. In addition to his oratorical talent, he is wonderfully clever at campaign repartee. This gift was well demonstrated before he became nationally known, when he was sent to a Southern State to advocate Republicanism. At a certain place he was politely informed that the 'rally' would begin and end at about the same time, and that not since 1883 had any Republican been permitted to finish a speech there. Wolcott was determined, however, and upon learning that the citizens, as a rule, were kind enough to permit the speakers to get out of town and fill their next appointments, he concluded to make his speech as billed. The chairman was instructed to dispense with the music and introduce him to the audience in as few words as possible. The advice was followed a little too literally. He simply pointed at the audience and then at the speaker and disappeared behind the scenes.

A Brilliant Retort from Mr. Wolcott

"Wolcott began his speech at once with one of his best stories. The audience was separated, the colored folk all being in the gallery and only the white people below. In about five minutes Wolcott's discretion was overcome by his intense Republicanism, and he made a pointed thrust at the opponent party, whereupon a body of young men in the centre of the theatre shouted in concert, 'Rats!'

"Wolcott paused for a moment, and then, waving his hand at the gallery, said, 'Waiter, come down and take the Chinamen's orders!' The effect was electrical and effectual. In laughingly referring to the incident afterward the Senator said: 'You should have seen that dusky hillside of faces in the gallery break into ledges of pearl.'"

Notwithstanding the fact that in the summer of 1900 I indulged in the luxury of some twenty-five joint political lectures (really knock-down and drag-out political discussions, but denominated "lectures" because they were delivered at Chautauqua assemblies), with Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, and Representatives Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio, and Charles B. Landis, of Indiana, and that in addition thereto I heard several other Republican orators of great repute, my candid and well-considered opinion is that the best Republican stump speech that I heard during that campaign was delivered by one of my stanchest friends, personal and political, a well-to-do farmer in the district which I have the honor to represent. He voted the Democratic ticket straight, from Bryan down to constable—never voted or thought of voting anything else in his life. His speech, which consisted of only one short sentence, was injected into mine, which consumed about one hour and a half in delivery. It came about in this wise. One very hot day in August I was making a Democratic speech in a magnificent grove up in Ralls County at a Modern Woodmen's picnic. My friend, Enoch G. Matson, popularly known as "Nuck," was standing directly in front of me, about five feet distant, listening intently to what I had to say. I was mauling the Republicans with all the power I possessed about their policy and conduct in the Philippines, declaring that they were ignoring the Declaration of Independence, overthrowing the Constitution, and otherwise deporting themselves in an unseemly and un-American fashion. After I had been going for about forty-five minutes Matson remarked, *sotto voce*: "Well, I guess we can stand it as long as beef cattle are five cents a pound on foot." That was the gist of the whole argument which carried the Middle and Western States for the Republicans.

The Tale of the Boy and the Miller

The best anecdote-teller, pure and simple, who has been in Congress in the last ten years is Honorable W. Jasper Talbert, of South Carolina, who will probably be the next Governor of the Palmetto State.

He is a Free Trader of the Henry George sort. In order to illustrate his theory of the operation of the high protective tariff as it affects the different sections of the country he told this story in a speech in the House:

"Down in my district a boy went to mill for the first time, and did not understand the *modus operandi*. So when the miller took out the toll the boy thought he had stolen it; but as it was a small matter he said nothing about it. When the miller took up the sack, poured all the rest of the corn into the hopper and threw the sack on the floor, the little chap thought he had stolen that, too, and he thought furthermore that it was high time for him to take his departure. Consequently he grabbed the empty sack and started home as fast as his legs could carry him. The miller, deeming the boy crazy, pursued him. The boy beat him home and fell down in the yard out of breath. His father ran out and said 'My son, what is the matter?' Whereupon the boy replied: 'That old fat rascal up at the mill stole all my corn and gave me an awful race for the sack!' Now," said Mr Talbert, "that illustrates the working of the high protective tariff precisely. The Tariff Barons have been skinning the farmer for lo! these many years. They've gotten all our corn and now they are after the sack!'"

Governor Charles T. O'Ferrall, of Virginia, told one of the finest and most effective anecdotes ever heard in Congress. It was at the expense of William Bourke Cockran, whose fame as an orator extends all over the English-speaking world.

Among his many qualifications for successful public speaking Mr. Cockran has a voice which would have aroused the envy of the Bull of Bashan. It so happened that O'Ferrall and Cockran locked horns on a contested election case, and Cockran's voice was in prime condition.

O'Ferrall, though Chairman of the Democratic Committee on Elections, advocated the seating of the Republican, for which Cockran assailed him bitterly and bombarded him with his heaviest artillery until everybody within half a mile was deaf from the noise.

O'Ferrall began his reply as follows: "The remarks of the gentleman from New York remind me of the story of an old colored man down in Virginia who was riding a mule and who was caught in a violent thunder storm while passing through a dense forest. Being unable to make any headway except through the agency of the fitful flashes of lightning which occasionally revealed his surroundings, and becoming greatly alarmed at the loud and terrible peals of thunder which shook the earth and reverberated over his head, he at last appealed to the Throne of Grace in this fashion: 'O Lawd, if it's jest the same to you, I'd rather hev a little less noise an' a little mo' light!' Now," concluded O'Ferrall, "we have had a hogshead of noise and would be thankful for a thimble full of light on this important subject!"

A Seat in Congress Won by Ready Wit

The Dry-as-Dusts solemnly asseverate that humor never did any good. They are cocksure of that. Now, let's see. How did Private John Allen, of Mississippi, get to Congress? He joked himself in. One fetching bit of humor sent him to Washington as a national law-maker.

The first time John ran for the Congressional nomination his opponent was the Confederate General Tucker, who had fought gallantly during the Civil War and who had served with distinction two or three terms in Congress. They met on the stump, and General Tucker closed one of his speeches as follows:

"Seventeen years ago last night, my fellow-citizens, after a hard-fought battle on yonder hill, I bivouacked under yonder clump of trees. Those of you who remember, as I do, the times that tried men's souls will not, I hope, forget the humble servant when the primaries shall be held."

That was a strong appeal in those days, but John raised the General at his own game in the following amazing manner:

"My fellow-citizens, what General Tucker says to you about the engagement seventeen years ago on yonder hill is true. What General Tucker says to you about having bivouacked in yon clump of trees on that night is true. It is also true, my fellow-citizens, that I was vidette picket and stood guard over him while he slept.

"Now, then, fellow-citizens, all of you who were Generals and had privates to stand guard over you while you slept, vote for General Tucker, and all of you who were privates and stood guard over the Generals while they slept, vote for Private John Allen."

The people caught on, took John at his word, and sent him to Congress, where he served until he filled the world with his fame.

It would perhaps be cruelty to animals to ask any or all of the Dry-as-Dusts to specify one piece of solemn wisdom which ever did as much for a Congressional candidate as John's brief bit of humor did for him in his contest with General Tucker and at the General's expense. Success is universally admitted, right or wrong, to be the standard of merit, and by reason of his humor John succeeded.

Of course every Representative must make his "maiden speech" in Congress—that is, if he intends to try the oratorical caper at all. Much depends on that effort. The Congressional tyro feels that the eyes of the House, of his constituents, perhaps of the whole country and of posterity, are fixed upon him. Generally he is mistaken as to the number of eyes riveted upon him, but nevertheless he feels, as he arises to say "Mr. Speaker" for the first time, that he is a sort of universal optical target, and, so feeling, he is liable to an attack of heart failure or stage fright.

The Humor of Private John Allen

In due time John delivered his "maiden speech" in Congress, proved to be one of the lucky ones, and took an instant and secure hold on the auricular appendage of the House, which he has held ever since and which he would continue to hold should he remain in the House till the crack of doom. The members regard Allen as a godsend, as a welcome and grateful relief from what the late lamented Mr. Mantalini would have denominated "the demnition, horrid grind" of the Congressional mill. John arose to make his "maiden speech" an obscure member. Next morning he awoke to find himself famous, as did Lord Byron after the publication of the opening cantos of Childe Harold, and the fame of the Mississippi humorist was as fairly won and as justly bestowed as was that of the English poet.

The River and Harbor bill was up. John wanted to offer an amendment making an appropriation for the Tombigbee River. The Chairman of the Committee, Mr. Willis, of Kentucky, had promised him time and had then forgotten it. John asked unanimous consent to address the House, and Willis tried to help him get it, but some one objected, whereupon John, with tears in his voice and looking doleful as a hired mourner at a funeral, said, with melancholy accent: "Well, I should at least like to have permission to print some remarks in the Record and insert 'Laughter and applause' in appropriate places." That was his astonishing exordium. The palpable hit at one of the most common abuses of the House, "the leave to print," tickled the members greatly, and he secured the unanimous consent which he desired. He closed that speech with an amazing exhibition of gall, which added to his fame more than the speech itself. He wound up by saying: "Now, Mr. Speaker, having fully answered all the arguments of my opponents, I will retire to the cloakroom a few moments to receive the congratulations of admiring friends;" which set the House and galleries wild with delight. He did retire to the cloakroom, and did receive the congratulations of admiring friends, a performance which has been going on at frequent intervals ever since.

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

A Remarkable Autobiography

The supreme achievement of American letters thus far is the Autobiography of Benjamin Franklin. It may be lacking in the quality of imagination, but it has done much to stimulate that quality in many minds; some have thought it devoid of ideals, others have even found it sordid, but no one has ever presumed to call it dull, or to say that it is not a true expression of life, and that, according to the canons, is literature. The elements of greatness in the immortal autobiography are few: simplicity, candor, and an insatiable desire to render service to mankind.

It would be going too far, perhaps, to put Mr. Booker Washington's Up from Slavery (*Doubleday, Page & Co.*) side by side with Franklin's incomparable book, but it may wisely go on the same shelf where stand the few, the very few, great revelations of human experience. Unadorned, as in the case of Franklin, by trickery of style or by any form of literary artifice, this veracious narrative goes straight to every heart. And it is, withal, so fair-minded, so delicately scornful of anything mean, low or unjust, and yet so humble, not before men, but under an almost oppressive sense of obligation to duty and manhood! Such a book, like its famous predecessor, should be a necessary and strengthening part of the moral armor of every American child. I can imagine no finer inspiration to a boy or girl intimidated, as many are, by the seeming menace of city life, with its hard and fast environments, or by dreary limitations of rural or half-rural opportunity, than this outline of the life of so remarkable a man. He was born with no knowledge of the identity of his father, nor was he endowed with even the usual heritage of a family name, but, hatless and ragged, was the victim of every social outrage except positive cruelty. The getting of his education was not a struggle; it was a fierce hand-to-hand fight at times, though not for long, with cold, hunger and deprivation. The world knows the issue—the mastery of every obstacle, and the riper achievements—the construction and then the wise administration of a prosperous institution where mental, industrial and physical education are well coördinated, and where the problems of a race are working toward solution. With all this done before the man has passed into his middle forties there is still another lifetime left for further usefulness.

Toward the close of the book there might seem to be an exaggeration of the importance of certain personal triumphs and successes which have befallen Mr. Washington in later years; as, for instance, the praise given his public addresses and the social and official honors paid him. But Mr. Washington is too well balanced not to have recognized clearly any objections likely to arise, and therefore we may suppose that his course in the matter is deliberate and conscious. He really arrogates to himself none of the friendly enthusiasm shown him as one of the leaders of a race yet in the throes of a vital experiment; in fact, adulation seems to mystify and embarrass him. He has, furthermore, an easy and natural humor sufficient to carry him safely over the danger points of the autobiographical method. One is again reminded, in his charming "asides," of Franklin's never-failing bonhomie and inability to cherish small resentments.

It did not appear necessary in reading this life of a man, so full of human brotherhood, to have constantly in mind that he is the spokesman of a peculiar people, yet it is difficult to avoid the mention of a fact on which Mr. Washington is himself so insistent. In one touching passage, with gentle and noble irony, he avers, in view of the pitiful failures of so many youth of a more fortunate race to avail themselves of their greater opportunities, that he is deeply grateful that he was born a negro. There speaks the true humility, which dwells next door to pride, though they are not on calling terms.

—*Lindsay Swift.*

Julian Ralph on the Boers

If Mr. Julian Ralph had seen fit to introduce into his volume, An American with Lord Roberts (*Frederick A. Stokes Company*), one single kind word for the Boers, the ordinary reader would find it considerably easier to believe all the harsh ones which he employs whenever he mentions them. When he is speaking of the inhabitants of the Transvaal, the Free Staters or the Cape Dutch, he never uses a noun without an adjective; and the latter he chooses from a list which runs, "lying, treacherous, filthy, cowardly, untrustworthy, skulking, savage and barbarous." It is true that Mr. Ralph went to the front for a London daily which was especially active in "whooping it up" before the war began, and which unmistakably wanted its correspondent to make it hot for the enemy. But one must do Mr. Ralph the justice to say that his writing has the ring of being his honest convictions. Nevertheless, he spoils the effect of his picture by using only two colors—black for the Boers, and white for the British.

After Cronje's surrender, it appears, according to Mr. Ralph, that "an impulsive officer sent a cigar to the old man. He smoked it and then sent his secretary to ask for more. 'Oh, no,' said the kindly officer, 'let him have a pipe and some Boer tobacco if he wants to smoke; that's good enough for him.' It was a sentiment," to continue quoting Mr. Ralph, "applauded by all who heard or heard of it."

It is interesting to compare with this an incident in Bloemfontein which Mr. Ralph considers most reprehensible.

"An Englishman asked for breakfast at a second-class hotel in town and it was refused. 'Can you tell me where I can get breakfast?' the German (the host) was asked. 'I can only tell you that I am your enemy,' was the reply."

A philosopher has remarked that there is small choice between rotten apples. But Mr. Ralph manages to make it between different ways of being rude, by a simple rule: "Polite stands for British, impolite for Boers."

Again, Mr. Ralph makes the mistake of considering all Boer qualities equally reprehensible. One is reminded of a lady in London who was asked whether she considered the war justifiable. "Oh, certainly," she replied; "I hear the Boers don't carry pocket handkerchiefs!" Now, the fact that the Boers did not wash was not properly a *casus belli*, though the fact that they oppressed the Outlanders might be. But Mr. Ralph seems to lose sight of the distinction.

The volume does not pretend to be a history of the war; in fact it never even takes the reader to Pretoria. One must keep in one's memory the main points and use Mr. Ralph's book for "collateral reading." By omitting much he is able to put in much—many details and anecdotes which are necessarily absent from such a comparatively stately volume as Dr. Conan Doyle's History of the Great Boer War. The book is hastily put together, and from the point of view of style, and even of grammar, atrociously written. But when all is said against it, it is still full of interest. Mr. Ralph is not a journalist for nothing, and he manages to sketch in hurriedly pictures of battle and of camp life which are really vivid. —*H. G. Rhodes.*

Some New Spring Books

Panama and the Sierras: G. Frank Lydston	The Riverton Press
Abraham Lincoln: His Book: A reproduction	McClure, Phillips & Co.
Love: A collection of short stories	McClure, Phillips & Co.
The White Flame: Mary A. Cornelius	Stockham Publishing Company
With Christ at Sea: Frank T. Bullen	Frederick A. Stokes Company
The Compleat Bachelor: Oliver Onions	Frederick A. Stokes Company
Peter Cooper: Rossiter W. Raymond	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
William Penn: George Hodges	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Thomas Jefferson: Henry Childs Merwin	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Sam Lovel's Boy: Rowland E. Robinson	Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
A Lady of the Regency: Mrs. Stepney Rawson	Harper & Brothers
The King of Honey Island: Maurice Thompson	G. W. Dillingham Company
Three Men and a Woman: R. H. P. Miles	G. W. Dillingham Company
One American Girl: Virginia Webb	G. W. Dillingham Company

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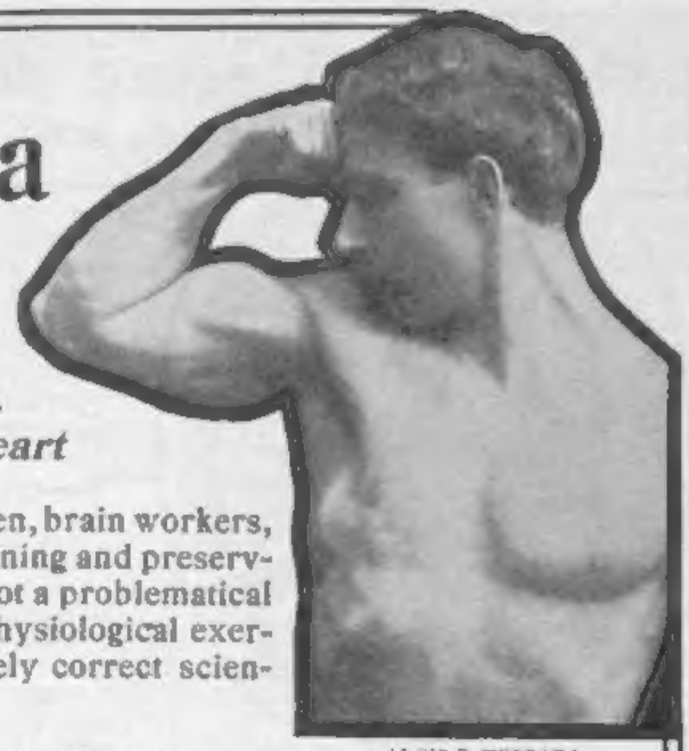

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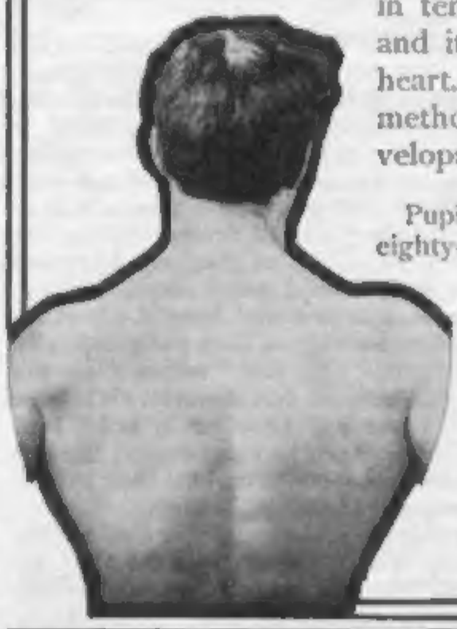

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How to Hedge for a Panic

By Alexander H. Revell

Mr. Alexander H. Revell

WE HAVE just passed through the bars of a new century and are knee-deep in the new era of prosperity. Under the optimistic spell of the present it may seem that the reign of prosperity is bound to be as long as the century. But it will not be. Such an ideal condition is against the logic of events and the currents of human nature. There will be panics and depressions as long as men continue to be grasping, avaricious, and eager to acquire wealth at the least expenditure of labor and in the shortest possible time. This granted, the whole problem of weathering these inevitable financial storms resolves itself into this: How can the approach of these financial panics, these periods of monetary stringency, be foretold in time for protective action, and what measures should the business man adopt to carry his affairs safely through one of these trying periods? The latter part of this dual question is much more easily answered than the former.

Good advice has never materially lessened the world's stock of fools; but it will always be offered, because we have continually with us young men who are eager to learn from the hard experience of others. It is hoped that some progressive young business men may profit by certain lessons learned in the panic of the early nineties, which makes it worth while to offer the conclusions resulting from a careful analysis of the stern experiences of that trying period.

There is nothing profound in the deductions which I shall bring forward in this paper. No such claim is made for them. On the contrary, they are very simple and will undoubtedly appear decidedly commonplace to many readers. If, however, they are found to be sound and practical in the main, and of a kind any young business man of average discernment can understand and apply to his own affairs, the author will be more than content.

There is something forbidding, from which the mind instinctively turns away, in the contemplation of past disaster or future peril; but it is well to recall and analyze any trying experience while its memories are fresh and before they have lost the power of admonishing us to our profit and safety. This is the only excuse needed for introducing so unpleasant a topic as the lessons taught by the recent financial depression.

The Great Panics in Our History

Prior to the recent panic, four great monetary convulsions occurred in this country. These were the panics of 1819, 1837, 1857 and 1873. The "Black Friday" of 1869 deserves a place in this record, though that disturbance was neither prolonged nor general.

For the purpose of this study, however, it is not necessary to go further back than the panic of 1873. One of the prime causes of that panic was excessive railway building, though there were other factors, such as fluctuating, inflated and inconvertible currency, and heavy gold exports in response to adverse trade balances. The country had had a fair revival of business and of good times after the Civil War and was developing and acquiring enormous wealth. This prosperity speedily developed a frenzy of speculation which stretched credit to the breaking point. A general feeling of insecurity began to show itself in financial and commercial circles in the fall of 1873, and in September the collapse came. Groaning under a load of overvalued railway and speculative securities, Jay Cooke, the New York Security and Warehouse Company, Fisk & Hatch, the Union Trust Company, the Commonwealth National Bank, and other financial institutions of the East went down; the New York Stock Exchange closed and the crisis was "on." Banks all over the country temporarily suspended specie payments and many of them were permanently driven out of existence; mills suspended or reduced the hours of labor; wages were cut; and an era of financial disturbance and general distress set in, which did not end until 1878.

In this crash, as in all subsequent ones, real estate was the last thing to break under the pressure. It proved the most stable of all securities. This fact should not be lost sight of, for it furnishes the key to the situation. Before attempting, however, to make this point clearly and completely, a few of the conditions leading up to the panic of 1893 should be noted.

For the proper relation of this observation to the main consideration in hand our attention should next be directed to the state of affairs which prevailed during the great tidal wave of business activity that swept this country in the period beginning with 1889 and ending with 1892. If an artist with a strong bent for the realistic were to paint a figure typical of the speculative spirit of that era, the figure would be that of a capitalist, with cash resources of a few hundred dollars only, dealing in blocks of real estate of ten times the value of his capital. That was the man of the hour. While speculation was still rife in all other lines, he marked the limit of speculative frenzy. He applied to real-estate transactions the spirit and the methods of the bucket shop. He was a "trader" in lots on the "margin" and "option" basis.

The Meaning of Gambling in Real Estate

I recall scores of such hand-to-mouth margin deals, but one instance will sufficiently indicate the method of this form of real-estate movement early in 1892. A daring speculator put up his entire capital of $300 on a contract for a certain corner lot in a southern suburb of Chicago, the price of the property being $100 a front foot. Next day he sold his option on the lot for $1000, and inside of three months the purchaser sold the property for $250 a front foot. This third man, however, caught the other side of the speculative mania and saw the value of his holdings slump to less than $100 a foot. The second man had cleared $8000, but had reinvested when the panic came, and all was lost.

Almost every business man can recall numerous instances of this kind. Real estate was almost as lively a speculative commodity as wheat or stocks. On the other hand, it had the peculiarity of being a more tempting security to the general public. Men of small means who would not allow themselves to speculate on the Board of Trade or the Stock Exchange bought lots on precisely the same basis that they would have employed had they gone to a broker and bought wheat for delivery on paper only. They put practically all their capital into the "option" on the property. When the first material shrinkage in values came and they could not "turn over" their contracts on short notice, the end of their rope was reached and all their investment was swept away.

This kind of real-estate speculation has been the invariable precursor of the financial panic—at least in recent times. To my mind it is the surest forerunner of disastrous business reaction. When such a condition becomes general, then is the time to hedge for a period of monetary stringency. No straw that ever floated on the tidal wave of prosperity was ever so significant as this. It should not be understood, however, that this hand-to-mouth speculation in real estate is regarded as the cause of financial panic. It is simply the most unfailing of all indications of generally inflated values.

Prosperity continued long after the era of extravagant speculation in real-estate options began. Factories continued, for months, to

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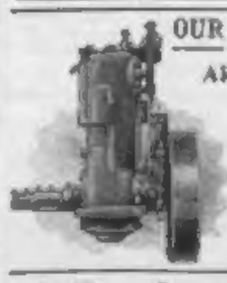

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run with full forces; railroads made many extensions; manufacturers increased their plants and merchants their stocks and trading facilities. Finally, however, the tightening process began. Stocks, bonds and cereals were first to weaken. Bankers began to sift these forms of collateral with greater rigor.

Meantime the values of real estate continued to hold their own with marvelous powers of resistance, being the last to give way under the onslaught and the slowest to move when once the decline was started.

The Time for the Prudent to Run to Cover

The lesson in all this seems to me to be very clear. In a word, it is this: the man who takes his cue from real-estate speculation and begins to husband his resources and prepare for a storm when he sees this feature of business activity reaching beyond the limits of sound, permanent investment will generally be in time to escape the crash. If he waits for the beginning of the drop in this form of security he may depend upon being caught in the wreck.

The earth's surface seems to be about the last thing to which money desiring quick increase, in the form of speculative profit, is inclined to turn. All other forms of security appear more tempting to the speculative instinct because more active and changeable. So long as the main movement of real estate is in the nature of a permanent investment all is well. Then buyers make their purchases for personal use, or on the basis of what the property will yield in rentals or steady income of any nature. They are safe guides. But when men buy this most stable and substantial of securities on a "margin" payment to be sold quickly by force of high-pressure "booming"—the creation of an exaggerated view of values—then the time is ripe for the thoughtful student of affairs to prepare for financial trouble.

And how shall this be done? The soundest rules for this emergency seem trite and commonplace. Do in advance of actual stringency what others who fail to read and act upon the signs of the times will be forced to do when the reverse tide sets in. In your business enterprises, scrutinize and tighten your credits; push your collections and get sound security for the weakest of your outstanding accounts; reduce your stock of goods and buy close, both as to prices and quantity. If you have securities which you are holding as investments carefully pick the weakest and put these on the market while there is demand for them. This will give you a resource with which to take care of your business or of your other investments in case of a pinch. Sacrifice possible profits for the sake of keeping your property secure and amply protected against any assault.

Periods of general and lively prosperity—such, for instance, as preceded 1892, or as that which we are now enjoying—loosen the purse strings of the most conservative, both as to personal expenses and the expansion of business plants. I would not disparage this if done with thoughtfulness, but too often recklessness and extravagance take the place of average conservatism.

The Perils of Expanding a Business

Let us take the case of the young business man who is a manufacturer. He finds prices good, profits large, and the demand for his product in excess of the capacity of his manufacturing plant. Good judgment tells him that his market will take twice the volume of goods he is able to turn out with his present facilities. If he follows the common practice of young and enthusiastic men who have not been seasoned by stress of panics, he will double the capacity of his factory. On the other hand, if he has a sound capacity for business affairs he will realize that nothing moves so fast as overproduction, and that if his competitors are also increasing their plants the unfilled demand of the market will soon be exceeded, with the result that prices will drop below the line of profit and his additional plant will, at least in part, become a burden instead of a source of income. These considerations will lead him to confine his expansion to the requirements of a normal market which will permit him to carry his business through a period of comparatively close stringency at an advantage over his competitors, who have spread out to meet the maximum demands of a maximum market. He will be within the lines of economy, and will not have to spend the profits of his prosperity in maintaining an overextended plant and investment.

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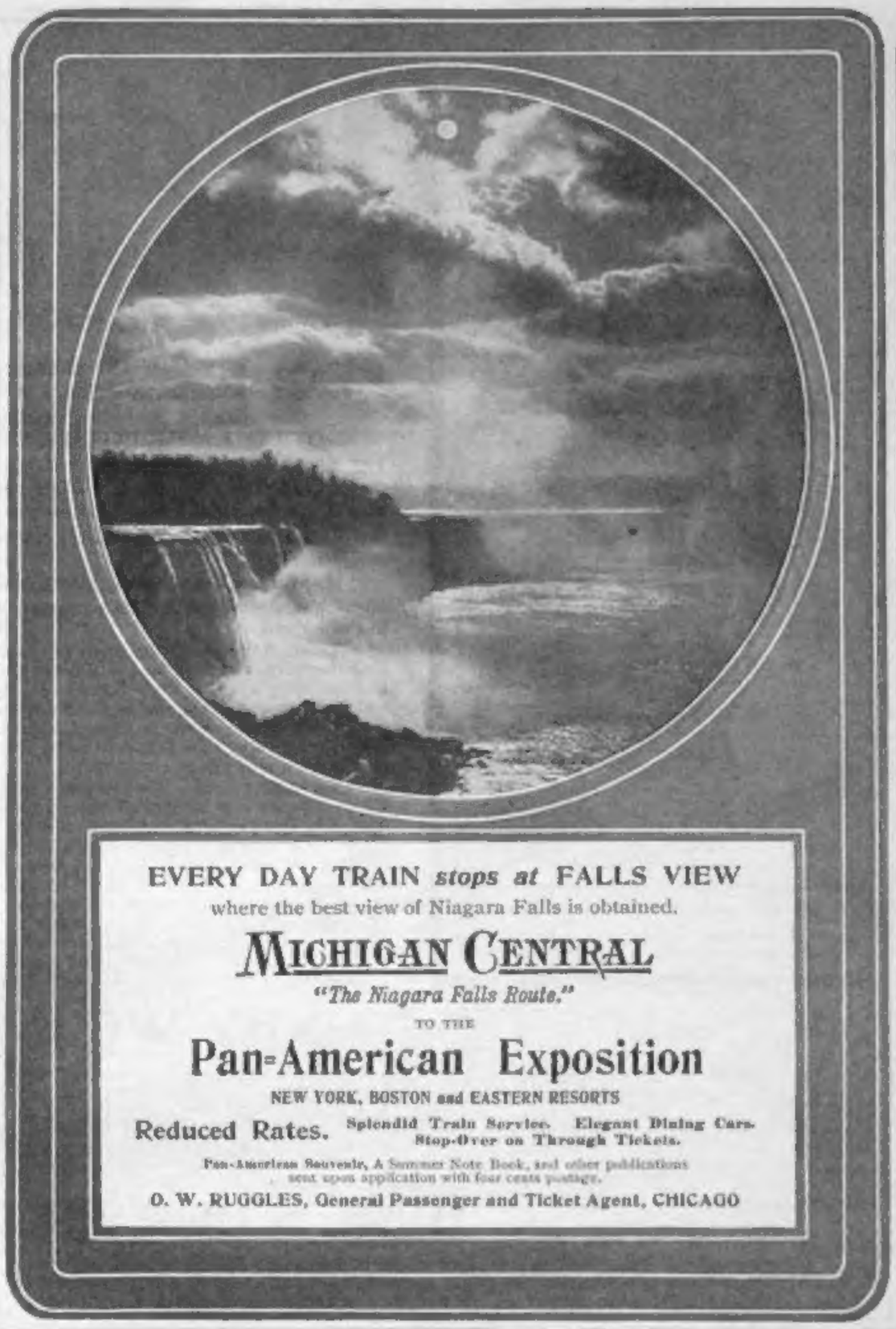

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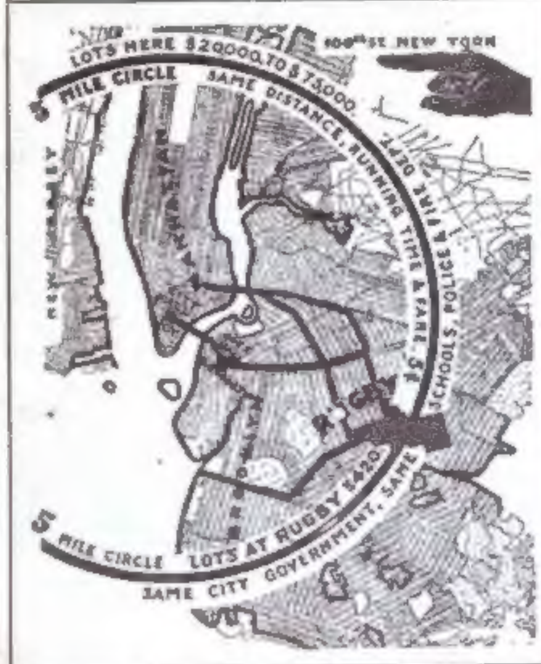

IT TELLS ITS OWN STORY
and shows the immense possibilities of Greater New York's real estate values.

This Map will convince every thinking man and woman in America that our announcement embodies a proposition seldom equalled in the history of this country, and one which, in the very nature of New York's present conditions, and the limited area of Brooklyn itself, will probably never again occur.

NOTE THE MARVELOUS COMPARISON! Lots at 100th Street, $25,000 to $75,000 each; *Lots at Rugby, $420.* The same distance; the same running time; the same street-care fare (5 cents); the same city government, schools, police and fire protection. What creates the difference? Simply this: that before Consolidation, Brooklyn had a provincial government and wretched transportation facilities. Consolidation into one city government and the transportation facilities existing to-day MUST ultimately equalize the value of property equally accessible. *This is an axiom—a self-evident truth.*

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Our wealthiest families like the Astors have made their money from the increase in value of New York real estate—New York City property has increased in value more than that of any other place in the world, because of its immense growth in population; and this growth is still going on—in fact, at the present time we are starting on a new and greater era than ever before known in New York's history. Let us see:

New York City, as every one knows, is crowded to the bursting point. Since the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn, the increased facilities of rapid transit by bridge, trolley, and elevated have turned the immense tide of increased population Brooklynward. The public have been quick to recognize this as the only and the perfect solution of their problem, and Brooklyn is receiving a tremendous influx from overcrowded New York City. As a result, Brooklyn Bridge has been so severely taxed that new bridges are being built (one of which is nearly completed), and tunnels are being dug beneath the East River. Not only is Brooklyn Borough about the only section in which New York can grow, but property in Old New York City the same distance from City Hall (as our map clearly shows) would cost 20 to 100 times the money.

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If, at the expiration of the year 1901, this lot is not worth $500, based on the price at which our salesmen will then be selling similar lots, we will refund all of the money you have paid us, with 6 per cent. interest additional.

If you should die at any time before payments have been completed, we will give to your heirs a deed to the lot without further cost.

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Titles are guaranteed to us by the Title Guarantee & Trust Co. of New York.

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Our guarantee of 25 per cent. increase in one year in the value of lots is a simple one and should not be misunderstood or misconstrued. It means, that the regular prices publicly marked on our property (every unsold lot being plainly tagged and priced), and at which our large corps of salesmen will be then selling these lots for ourselves and our customers, will be 25 per cent. in excess of the prices at which we now offer them.

IT DOES NOT MEAN that we can or will assume the responsibility of selling customers' lots except incidental to our business of development, or that we will take them off their hands; this obviously would be impossible in the great work of development we are undertaking. This is intended as a straight business agreement of an honest increase in value, and that only.

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